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JANUARY 18, 1960

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VOL. LXXV NO. 3

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January 18, 1959

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Volume LXXX
Number 3



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... you must admire her very much. She never tries to impress ... it isn't necessary. She never "makes an entrance," yet, somehow, people turn when she comes into a room. If she's impatient, it's only with pretension. If she's proud, it's mostly of being a woman. She's gentle, durable ... and intensely feminine.

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LETTERS

The Mercy of the Court

Sir:

This has reference to your article entitled, aptly enough, "Mercy of the Court," which pertained to the tragic and untimely death of my father, John T. Mains, and the imprisonment of three other executives of hand-tool-manufacturing firms for alleged violations of the Sherman Anti-Trust Act [Dec. 21].

The tragedy of this case is more readily understood when one further point is brought out. Medical testimony was given by a highly competent and highly respected specialist of internal medicine, to the effect that "incarceration for no matter what length of time, or under what circumstances, could and/or would endanger" my father's life. This testimony was held to be "inconclusive" by the court.

Under these circumstances, my father, with the full knowledge that incarceration would in all probability be fatal, and with the full knowledge that his sense of honor had been trodden upon by judicial acts he felt were unjust, took his own life.

JOHN T. MAINS JR.

Greenfield, Ohio

Sir:

I am the daughter of Robert Raymond, one of the three businessmen now serving a three-months prison term in Milan, Mich. for antitrust violations. I am very proud of my father's healthy and unblemished attitude toward this situation, and very ashamed of our judicial system, a weak link in our Government. If my father was serving as a martyr for a cause, I would feel differently; but never before have men been given a prison term for this violation.

Big business goes on violating the act, and the Government continues merely to fine other companies, and my father and two other extremely respectable and outstanding men are in prison. The only thing this sentence has done is to make every businessman say, "There but for the grace of God go I!"

CAROLYN RAYMOND SANDER

Southfield, Mich.

The Crèche

Sir:

What a beautiful cover of an 18th century Neapolitan crèche for TIME's Christmas number of Dec. 28! If this is your first gatefold cover, let us hope that you will use more of them in the future, as you bring us reproductions of the world's priceless art.

ELIZABETH FROST REED

Morgantown, W. Va.

Heck & Darnation

Sir:

Cheers for Florence Russell of Venice, Calif. [whose attempt to introduce the poetry of Ogden Nash, Walt Whitman, Ezra Pound to her English students was quashed—Dec. 28]. Ten to one, that same segment of the public which suppresses freedom of thought identifies with those who clamor for better education. It is illogical to demand the one without the other.

WILLIAM BRIDGE

Teacher, L.A. City Schools

Pacoima, Calif.

Sir:

It is not a teacher's place to shield us from what some people might deem objectionable reading material. Instead, they should teach their students to read and to judge for themselves what was meant, allowing them to form their own intelligent ideas of what is right and wrong.

Reading and thinking show signs of becoming almost lost arts today. Thank God (and I hope the people of Venice will pardon me the expression) there are people like Florence Russell, who are making an effort to revive them.

CAROL DICKINSON

Junior, New Trier High School

Glennview, Ill.

Sir:

Regarding your article on Teacher Russo: I think Mrs. Herin's minister [who objected to the poetry] should definitely be censured. He probably at one time in his life threatened his congregation with fire and brimstone—heck and darnation.

WILLIAM PALACE

New York City

Mumpin' & Grumpin'

Sir:

Ver we review o' a fillic callit *The Bridal Path* [Dec. 28] were itsel' a bit o' a clish-macclaverie skirling indeed, indeed. Wha' wi' a' the ap's't'phes an' dooble-Gaelic an' sich orthoheauragical oddities as wuid baefueld e'en the quare English boobies tae the sooth, a mon cuid reddie feind' is puir Glynara's muckle addid amooag a' the thisty syntax.

"Tae many kooks weel speel the porridge an' splinter the spertle," sang Angus Daltie MacTourist.

Och, bu' a wee chortle dae a body nae mischiep, laddies; an' I ken ye by yer mumpin'.

DOUGLAS PETER MCINTYRE

Wareham, Mass.

Sir:

To your reviewer: Lang may his lum reck.®

TREVOR ROYCROFT

Mansfield, Ohio

Sir:

Tell me—how was the picture?

DAVID I. LEVY

Snyder, N.Y.

¶ Braw. Unco' guid.—Ed.

Last Survivors

Sir:

On Dec. 19, 1959, Walter Williams, the legendary last survivor of the Civil War died, about 98½ years after the beginning of that conflict. When did the last survivors of the American Revolutionary War and of the War of 1812 die?

HAROLD K. FABER

San Francisco

¶ The last recorded survivor of the Revolutionary War was Daniel Frederick Bakeman, who died April 5, 1869 at 109. The last War of 1812 survivor was Hiram Cronk, who died May 13, 1905, aged 105.—Ed.

Completing the Incomplete

Sir:

In conferring upon an ordained Methodist minister "episcopal orders" [Dec. 21], Bishop Pike has implemented the only hopeful method to achieve the next major objective in church union—mutually recognized ministerial standing among the various Protestant churches. It is based upon the assumption that the orders of any particular church, however "valid," are "incomplete," since they represent only a fraction of the total tradition and riches of Christendom.

But the "incompleteness" in the orders of the Methodist church applies to the orders of all churches, including Bishop Pike's Protestant Episcopal church.

The bishop stands in need of reciprocal admission to the riches of the great Methodist tradition. If he is consistent, he will apply to the Methodist Bishop of California for parallel admission to the orders of that church.

Bishop Pike has demonstrated his readiness for courageous and prophetic action on many fronts. Such a move on his part might mark the most significant concrete advance toward church union in our day.

HENRY P. VAN DUSEN

President

Union Theological Seminary

New York City

They That Take the Sword . . .

Sir:

TIME's Dec. 28 picture and story on the late Roger Touhy offer dramatic proof of the timeless axiom: "All they that take the sword shall perish with the sword."[†]

ROY C. BURT

Philadelphia

Sir:

If Roger Touhy ever stuck a gun in your ribs (figuratively), you knew exactly where you stood. Mr. Touhy was an honest burglar (although I don't think he was at all cheap, as the word implies, because he was strictly big league).

I think there should be more such fundamental honesty among businessmen who sing Jesus, *Lover of My Soul* dutifully in church every Sunday (for sales

® Long may his chimney smoke.

† Matthew 26: 52.

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reasons) and then take your money on racket-squad sales contracts the other six days in the week.

R. M. COSTIGAN

Bellevue, Wash.

Homeowner's Plague

Sir:

I note that although Architect Owings may have met the challenge of the Big Sur country with concrete saddles, eight caissons, rigid A-frames, etc. [Dec. 28], he has yet to solve the problem which plagues owners of homes beautiful and not-so-beautiful—a leaky roof.

ELAINE L. FRIEDMAN

Highland Park, Ill.

¶ Says Mrs. Owings of their cliff-hanging house: "It rains up rather than down when we have a storm. The leak happened the first week we were in the house, when we didn't realize this. We had the place caulked, and we've never had a stain since."—Ed.

Birth-Control Debate

Sir:

You report that Bishop Pike advises that when we ought to avoid the birth of children, we "are under obligation to use the most effective methods to prevent" that birth [Dec. 21].

Two of the most effective means that come to mind are sterilization and abortion. Do we then have an obligation to use these "most effective methods"? If the bishop seeks "the most effective method" to prevent births and one which is also indisputably moral, I offer—contenance.

JACK L. TOTTY

Baltimore

Sir:

I question how many bishops and priests have tried to complete college years with a child arriving almost every year. Who pays for a "rhythm" miscalculation—the Roman Catholic Church? I have many friends who are Roman Catholic who advocate the rhythm method, but who are forced to use contraceptives in order to afford keeping the children they already have. If the church had to support the children it might find it possible to change the doctrine.

MRS. DAVID WELSH

Mansfield, Pa.

Sir:

Those diplomats, politicians and ecclesiastics of my homeland who are touting the opinion that the U.S. has no responsibility for educating the less fortunate in this area are displaying: 1) lack of ability to see a need realistically, 2) fear of exerting forthright opinions on a problem that happens to have religious and political overtones, 3) maybe even ignorance.

MELVIN D. SCHMIDT

Foreign Relief Secretary

National Council of (Protestant) Churches in Indonesia
Djakarta

Cuckoo

Sir:

My college junior daughter uses the term "kook" but can't define it. What is its origin and meaning, please?

JOHN W. MURPHY

Ann Arbor, Mich.

¶ "Kook" derives from cuckoo, and that's what it means.—Ed.



Your family can't get across on part of a bridge

The average man has a wife and two children to support. And not a lot of income left over at the end of the month. Should he die, what would happen to his family? What income would they have?

What part of your present income would *your* family get? What part would your Social Security, insurance and other assets provide them? Would they be able to make out?

They cannot live on half a meal, drive a piece of a car, pay part of the utility bills. They cannot buy half a pair of trousers, make do with one shoe.

In short, they cannot cross the years on part of a bridge. What minimum income would your family need? What exactly would they get? What can you do about it? Ask an expert—your Metropolitan Man.

He can help you analyze your situation and will chart a program tailor-made for your family's special individual protection. Best of all, the cost may well be less than you expect.

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A letter from the PUBLISHER

James A. Linen



SPOT some familiar faces in the scene above?

Adenauer . . . Ben-Gurion . . . Nas-
ser . . . John Foster Dulles, and the
Shah of Iran . . . Admiral Rickover
. . . Ernest Hemingway.

If you could see beyond the edges
of the illustration, you would find
that the central pillar is part of a huge
atomic mushroom cloud . . . the wed-
ding cake is a pedestal for newlyweds
Akihiro and Michiko . . . the Korean
war is exploding at left . . . summit
sessions are going on at right . . . and
spreading out in all directions are more
than 200 other people and events
from the news of the past ten years.

This is a detail from a four-color,
17-in. by 24-in. panorama of *The
Fabulous Fifties*, painted for TIME by
Artist James Lewicki. It was com-

missioned by our Education Depart-
ment, which next week will mail re-
productions to college and school of-
ficials, teachers and students.

What with the Salk vaccine and the
surge into space, the cold war, the
compact car, and the thousand and
one triumphs and follies that enlivened
the decade, our artist couldn't
begin to cover it all. But as we move
into a new decade of news, we've
enjoyed recalling many of the faces
of the Fifties in this crowded tapestry
—and we thought you might too.

If you would like a full-size, full-
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lous Fifties," TIME, Rockefeller Cen-
ter, New York 20, N.Y.

INDEX

Cover Story.....74	Color: Presidents' Homes.....20
Art.....66	Letters.....4
Books.....94	Medicine.....68
Business.....74	Milestones.....92
Education.....86	Miscellany.....84
Foreign News.....27	Music.....62
Hemisphere.....33	National Affairs.....12
	People.....40
	Press.....58
	Religion.....48
	Science.....44
	Show Business.....55
	Sport.....90
	Time Listings.....100

YOU'LL HAVE TO STEP LIVELIER, UNCLE SAM

-to keep up with the young,
fast-growing South!



PROOF

A recent U. S. Department of Commerce report shows the following expansion in major fields of business activity from World War II (1946, '47 or '48) to 1958:

	PER CENT INCREASE FOR THE	FOR THE
	SOUTHEAST	U. S.
Dollar-value of construction contracts.....	200%	61%
Manufacturing employment.....	23%	10%
New plant and equipment expenditures.....	119%	87%
Dollar-value added by manufacture.....	101%	95%
Electric energy produced.....	242%	165%
Dollar-value of manufacturing establishments.....	40%	38%
Number of manufacturing payrolls.....	127%	111%
Contract construction employment.....	61%	53%
Dollar-value of bank deposits.....	58%	49%
Dollar-value of life insurance in force.....	194%	130%
Motor vehicle registrations.....	43%	30%
Dollar-value of wholesale sales.....	36%	30%
Dollar-value of retail sales.....	53%	32%
Retail and wholesale trade employment.....	169%	132%
Dollar-value of world trade imports and exports through Customs districts.....	162%	104%
Dollar-value of retail trade payrolls.....	90%	83%
Gross personal income.....	59%	54%
Per capita personal income.....	28%	17%
Cash farm income.....	51%	24%
Number of industrial and commercial firms.....	51%	24%

INDUSTRIALISTS: Come South now and grow with America's "youngster" opportunity-land

IT'S TRUE! The economic development of the Southland since World War II has out-paced the national rate of growth in practically every category you can name. Don't take our word for it. Just look at the official U. S. Government figures on the left and you'll see that this is so.

There are many good reasons for this. Industrially, the modern South is still a "youngster," experiencing right now those wonderful years of surging development that just naturally go with growing up. In addition, it has plentiful manpower...all the rich resources...expanding markets...all the things in one neat "package" that make for industrial success.

To every young and growing region there comes a time of phenomenal development to maturity. This is its era of opportunity - the confident and vigorous opportunity - the time for the South growing-up years! That time for the South is now. The opportunity is yours. Come South now and grow with the young, fast-growing Southland. "Look Ahead - Look South!"

Harry D. Byrd
President

SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM

WASHINGTON, D. C.

THE SOUTHERN SERVES THE SOUTH

All America is growing-but the fast-growing youngster of the "family" is the modern South!



This advertisement appeared a year ago. We think it bears repeating now, for the record shows that the ensuing twelve months have made its message even more meaningful to opportunity-minded businessmen.

We can say that again!

MAKE NO mistake about it! The modern South's phenomenal record of growth is no one-shot, flash-in-the-pan proposition. Year after year it goes on, growing bigger and bigger, building up like a snowball rolling down hill.

As we said last year - don't take our word for it. Just look at the official U. S. Government figures shown in the panel here and you'll see that the South's economic development since World War II has out-paced the national rate of growth in practically every category you can name. Not only that, in most instances this year's figures for the Southeast show even more startling gains for the region than its enviable record of growth published a year ago.

Yes, this is the era of opportunity for the young, fast-growing South - the confident, vigorous *growing-up* years. Make them *your* years of opportunity, too! Come South and *grow* in America's fast-growing opportunity-land.

"Look Ahead - Look South!"

Harry A. DeBette
President



A recent U. S. Department of Commerce report shows the following expansions in major fields of business activity from World War II (1946, '47 or '48) to 1959:

	PER CENT	FOR THE	INCREASE
		SOUTHEAST	U. S.
Dollar-value of construction contracts....	271%	75%	
Manufacturing employment	20%	-1%	
New plant and equipment expenditures	145%	102%	
Dollar-value added by manufacturer	104%	99%	
Electric energy produced	250%	169%	
Number of manufacturing establishments	40%	26%	
Dollar-value of manufacturing payrolls	131%	117%	
Contract construction employment	58%	34%	
Dollar-value of bank deposits	74%	61%	
Dollar-value of life insurance in force	223%	148%	
Motor vehicle registrations	121%	83%	
Dollar-value of retail sales	70%	48%	
Retail trade employment	27%	14%	
Dollar-value of world trade (imports and exports) through Customs districts	138%	111%	
Dollar-value of retail trade payrolls	82%	56%	
Gross personal income	102%	88%	
Per capita personal income	66%	56%	
Cash farm income	44%	32%	
Number of industrial and commercial firms	57%	25%	

SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM

WASHINGTON, D. C.



The Southern Serves the South

ALL AMERICA IS GROWING-BUT THE
FAST-GROWING YOUNGSTER OF THE
"FAMILY" IS THE MODERN SOUTH!

NATIONAL AFFAIRS

THE NATION

Pacific Challenge

Cruising routinely through the chill North Pacific last fall, U.S. Navy ships and aircraft reported unusual Russian missile activity. The Navy tracked a couple of Russian intercontinental missile shots into northern waters, considered deploying a U.S. submarine to snag a made-in-Moscow ICBM nose cone before Russian pick-up ships could get to it. During the past fortnight the Navy watched with increasing interest as radar-studded Russian trawlers headed thousands of miles southward into the Central Pacific. Last week the Navy and the U.S. got the news through Moscow's Tass Agency of what the Red fleet was up to.

The Soviet Union, said Tass, was about to test a series of "more powerful rockets," the first tests to take place between Jan. 15 and Feb. 15 in an area of the Pacific 280 miles long by 160 miles wide (see map), 500 miles south of the U.S.'s Johnston Island, 1,300 miles east of the U.S. trust-territory Marshall Islands, 1,000 miles southwest of the new 50th

state of Hawaii. Radio Moscow warned the world's shipping to keep out of that part of the Pacific or risk getting hit by the Red rockets' "penultimate stage."

Strategic Reach. The Soviet announcement left unsaid what kind of rockets the Kremlin intended to test. Said Tass: "Soviet scientists and engineers are now working to develop a more powerful rocket to launch heavy satellites and undertake space flights to planets." U.S.S.R. space scientist, Professor V. Dobromirav, said on Radio Moscow that the Pacific shots were preparatory to "man's flight into interplanetary space."

Although every Communist propagandist from Stettin to Pyongyang stressed the peaceful purposes of the Pacific tests, the shots would have obvious military value. If the Russians fired into the Central Pacific from their bases near the Caspian and Aral seas, they would be testing at 7,700-mile range plus as compared with the best 6,300-mile range of the U.S.'s Atlas, hence nailing down a longer strategic reach. If the Russians fired into the Central Pacific from Kamchatka at 3,800-mile range, they would at

least be testing out their capabilities in a range bordered by such major U.S. naval bases as Pearl Harbor, Guam and Midway.

Missile Invasion. U.S. spacemen gritted their teeth and braced for anything up to and including the warm-water landing of a man-in-space shot. The Pentagon was concerned over the blunt intrusion of Russian missile power of whatever kind into the Central Pacific. But in the strict sense, the U.S. could do nothing to stall off the Soviet rockets into the Pacific without abridging its traditional support for freedom of the seas and bringing into question the U.S.'s own missile shots into international waters.

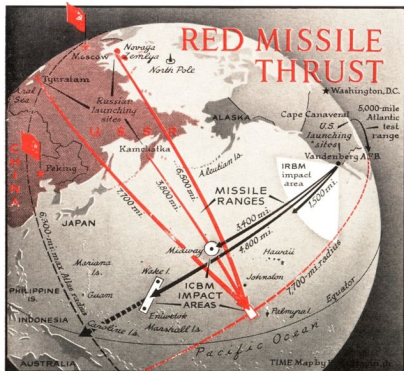
Such nice legalities did not bother ex-President Harry Truman. "This act of provocation is intended missile invasion of the Pacific," said he, in Phoenix, Ariz. "This action is as highhanded as it is brazen." Said Montana's Democratic Senator Mike Mansfield: "I am requesting the State Department to make a strong protest immediately, and if that is not successful, to seek a special session of the U.N." Mansfield added that if the Russians did not bow to the protest, President Eisenhower should reconsider his decision to attend the mid-May summit meeting in Paris with Russia's Khrushchev. In Japan, Tokyo's *Sankei Jiji Shimbun* keynoted: "Russia's shooting rockets into Britain's and America's sphere makes one dubious about notions that the cold war is melting." In Hong Kong, the Communist *Ta Kung Pao* blazoned a Red rocket across its front page and rejoiced: "The harder the U.S. tries to catch up, the farther it falls behind."

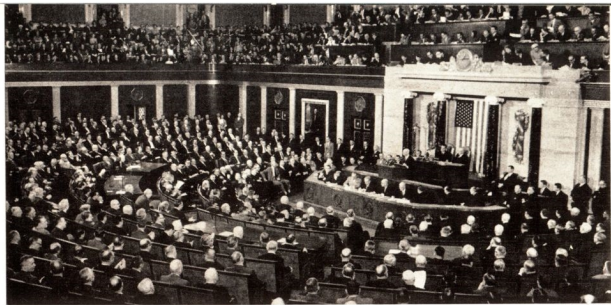
THE PRESIDENCY

State of the Union

Seven years ago I entered my present office with one long-held resolve overriding all others. I was then, and remain now, determined that the U.S. shall become an ever more potent resource for the cause of peace—realizing that peace cannot be for ourselves alone but for peoples everywhere.

Around President Eisenhower as he thus began his eighth State of the Union message sat members of the U.S. Congress, the diplomatic corps including Soviet Ambassador Mikhail Menshikov, the nine Supreme Court justices, the Cabinet (minus vacationing Secretary of State Christian Herter), and galleries packed with hushed spectators, including Mamie Eisen-





Walter Bennett

PRESIDENT EISENHOWER ADDRESSING JOINT SESSION OF CONGRESS
The requirements in the search for peace: good will, good work and an accurate Atlas.

hower and Son Major John. And as the President spoke on for 46 minutes, his voice clear, his demeanor serious, he cast such far-ranging topics as missile power, foreign aid, inflation, steel strike, civil rights and rule of law into that single theme of searching for peace in freedom. Said Ike: "This determination is shared by the entire Congress—indeed, by all Americans."

Seeking Peace Abroad. The prospect of world peace is made up of three basic elements, said the President. These are 1) possession by the U.S. and U.S.S.R. of "unbelievably destructive weapons" with which "mutual annihilation becomes a possibility," 2) recent Soviet "deportment" that suggests tension lessening but that "remains to be tested by actions," and 3) vast new technological gains that offer mankind the "capacity to make poverty and human misery obsolete." Said Ike: "We must strive to break the calamitous cycle of frustrations and crises which, if unchecked, could spiral into nuclear disaster—the ultimate insanity." U.S. courses of action:

NEGOTIATE WITH THE KREMLIN. "We cannot expect sudden and revolutionary results. But we must find some place to begin." The U.S. wants therefore to 1) widen people-to-people exchanges; 2) press the talks with the U.S.S.R. at Geneva, resuming this week, on the nuclear test deadlock; 3) stress disarmament negotiations even though the Soviets "have not made clear the plans they may have, if any, for mutual inspection and verification—the essential condition for an extensive measure of disarmament."

BROADEN FOREIGN AID. "All people of the free world have a great stake in the progress in freedom of the uncommitted and newly emerging nations." And the U.S.'s partners in Western Europe and Japan, newly prosperous, should now participate actively, increasingly and especially with private capital to help the new

nations. "The immediate need for this kind of cooperation is underscored by the strain in our international balance of payments [that in 1959] approached \$4 billion."

STAND ON STRONG DEFENSES. "Until tangible and mutually enforceable arms reduction measures are worked out, we will not weaken," pledged Ike. The U.S.'s "enormous" deterrent power includes: 1) "long-range striking power unmatched in manned bombers"; 2) the Atlas intercontinental missile, now operational with 15 successful test shots in a row at 5,000-mile range, impacting, at average, within two miles from target—"less than the length of a jet runway"; 3) nuclear-powered submarines to be armed with Polaris missiles—"impossible to destroy by surprise attack"; 4) such limited war weapons as Navy carriers and Army and Marine divisions; 5) military aid to U.S. allies now to be regeared onto a "longer-range basis for a sounder collective defense system."

EXPLORE OUTER SPACE. Space exploration, said the President with an air of finality that was bound to stir up a debate with space-minded military planners, is "often mistakenly supposed to be an integral part of defense research and development." Expenditure for a scientifically oriented space program will be practically doubled. He is dissatisfied with the way space agencies are set up under the year-old space law, and will ask for changes (reportedly putting a White House boss over both civilian and military space agencies).

Seeking Peace at Home. To support such building bricks of peace, the President went on, will require constant strengthening of "the spiritual, intellectual and economic sinews" and dealing with "nagging disorders" that continue to afflict U.S. life. Proposed course of action at home:

BRING LABOR & MANAGEMENT TOGETHER. The steel strike has been settled on terms that seem to imply "no increase in

steel prices at this time," but "the national interest demands that... both management and labor make every possible effort to increase efficiency and productivity... so that price increases can be avoided." To guard against future "longer and greater strikes," he intends (borrowing a proposal by A.F.L.-C.I.O. President George Meany and Labor Secretary Mitchell) to encourage labor-management talks "outside the bargaining table" to consider the public interest. Missing: any proposal to strengthen the Taft-Hartley law, which would have left the U.S. powerless to interfere with a renewed steel strike had a settlement not been achieved.

MODERNIZE FARM LAWS. "When the original farm laws were written, an hour's farm labor produced only one-fourth as much wheat as at present. Farm legislation is woefully out of date, ineffective and expensive... Once again I urge Congress to enact legislation that will gear production more closely to markets, make costly surpluses more manageable, provide greater freedom in farm operations and steadily achieve increased net farm incomes." Specifics to come in a separate message.

STAMP OUT INFLATION. Nothing threatens the U.S. economy more than inflation—"a fire that imperils our home." Despite the steel strike, said Ike amid the loudest applause of his speech, the U.S.'s books should show a surplus of \$200 million for this (1960) fiscal year. Then Ike read out a passage that he had kept secret from his closest advisers until time of delivery. For fiscal 1961 (ending June 30, 1961), he said, he would submit a balanced budget of \$79.8 billion—and this time the U.S. ought to rack up a surplus of \$4.2 billion. The surplus would not go to a tax cut, but to cut down the \$200 billion national debt. The President added an unfamiliar note: "Personally I do not feel that any amount can be properly called a surplus as long as the nation is in debt. I prefer to

THE ECONOMY

The Grey Settlement

The band struck up *Happy Days Are Here Again* at a United Steelworkers rally in Buffalo one day last week as silver-haired President David McDonald, a grin of victory on his face, slowly made his way toward the speaker's platform along an aisle jammed with jubilant steelworkers. Crowded McDonald from the platform: "Victory is yours!"

Just about everybody else, from newspaper pundits to steel industry magnates, agreed with Dave McDonald that the steel strike settlement worked out by Vice President Richard M. Nixon and Labor Secretary James P. Mitchell (TIME, Jan. 11) was a victory for the union. Said a top steel executive: "We took a hell of a licking."

Ammunition Shortage. At the outset of their struggle with the union the steel-makers had plenty of backing in their campaign for a noninflationary settlement. In mid-1959 the public was fed up with price upcreep, and so was the Administration. Steelworkers themselves were far from eager to strike for wage increases that would probably be nibbled away by price increases. And with U.S. steel companies losing markets to foreign competition, the industry had a strong new argument for holding down labor costs.

But the industry overreached itself by demanding authority to change plant work rules, succeeded only in uniting the rank and file behind Dave McDonald and his war cry that the bosses were out to "bust the union." When President Eisenhower's Taft-Hartley board met in October, after the strike had dragged on for three months, the fact finders discovered



COOPER, MITCHELL & McDONALD AT STEEL AGREEMENT SIGNING
Unsettled: how to strike against inflation.

that the steel industry spokesmen, headed by Chief Negotiator R. Conrad Cooper, were unable to present a convincing case on the work-rules issue. "It's very distressing at this stage," said Chairman George William Taylor, "that we are still having trouble defining issues." Taylor's verdict that the industry arguments were "bogged down in generalities" led to a shift in the attitudes of both the U.S. public and the Eisenhower Administration. The President, who had firmly backed the industry's campaign for a non-inflationary settlement, began to see that he was fighting beside allies who were short on both ammunition and marksmanship. He began leaning toward the view that it made a lot more sense to head off the economic damage of a prolonged steel strike than to fight out the battle against inflation on the steel industry's thin line.

Grim Alternative. In November Labor Secretary Mitchell escorted Dave McDonald to a secret meeting with President Eisenhower at the White House. McDonald apparently convinced the President that management's terms were so tough that the union would have to go out on strike again when the 80-day Taft-Hartley injunction ran out on Jan. 26. Bent on preventing a renewal of the strike, Ike summoned Vice President Nixon and Secretary Mitchell to the White House shortly before he left on his around-the-world tour, instructed them to push hard to get a settlement.

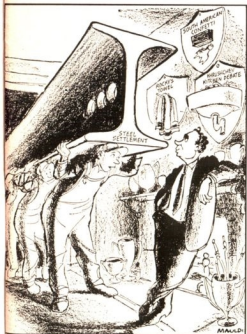
With the President's authority, Nixon kept prodding industry leaders during December with two big reasons for settling: 1) it seemed certain that the steelworkers would overwhelmingly reject the companies' last offer in the Taft-Hartley election

scheduled for mid-January, thereby weakening the industry's bargaining position; 2) if the strike erupted again, Congress might vote a drastic compulsory-arbitration measure that would be costly to the industry. Finally, just before Christmas, both sides agreed to consider Nixon's recommendations for a settlement. Explained a top steel executive last week: "The alternative was too grim—losing the vote on our last offer, and then running into an arrogant and cocky McDonald, an angry Congress, an angry President and an angry country."

Double Jolt. Under the final settlement based on Nixon's proposals, the union won two 7¢-an-hour wage boosts over the next 30 months, plus hefty increases in insurance and other fringe benefits, bringing the overall 30-month cost to about 39¢ per hour per worker, as against the last-offer package of about 30¢. Work-rules were turned over to a joint union-management committee. Delighted with the terms—substantially fatter than those he would have settled for when public opinion was against him last summer—Dave McDonald risked his standing in the Democratic Party by publicly declaring that "Vice President Nixon would make a good President."⁸

If Democrats were dismayed at the

⁸ McDonald only partially redeemed himself in Democratic eyes by adding that "Jack Kennedy and maybe Hubert Humphrey and a lot of other people would make good Presidents." In what appeared to be an effort to give Democratic Hopeful Kennedy some reflected credit for the settlement, McDonald stunned Mitchell & Co. with an out-of-the-blue pronouncement that Financier Joseph Kennedy, Jack's multimillionaire father, "did a great deal down in Wall Street to bring about this settlement" by talking to "the banking interests."



St. Louis Post-Dispatch
"WHERE DO YOU WANT IT?"

possible vote-getting value of Nixon's coup, many conservatives were jolted by the spectacle of a Republican Administration intervening in the steel dispute to push a settlement that amounted to a victory for the union. Especially when, on the face of it, the settlement seemed inflationary—increasing the steel industry's labor costs by roughly 3.5% a year, as against an expected productivity increase of about 2.7% a year.

Top businessmen and bankers complained that the settlement would stir a new round of price upreep and might well shake foreign confidence in the future of the dollar. American Motors President George Romney denounced the settlement as "a national catastrophe." Columnist Walter Lippmann rapped it as a "political fix." And Columnist David Lawrence warned that it could lead to "devaluation of the dollar some time in the 1960s."

How Inflationary? The steel industry itself was a lot less gloomy. The settlement's terms, said U.S. Steel's Chairman Roger M. Blough, "appear less inflationary, at least, than any which the steel industry has actually experienced since the end of World War II." During the post-war years, hourly labor costs in the steel industry climbed by an average of 8% a year. As the steel industry viewed it, the shift from 8% a year to 3.5% a year was progress of a sort. "The settlement is neither black nor white," said Inland Steel's Board Chairman Joseph Block. "It's grey."

With a grey settlement that postponed the first wage boost until next December, with their 1959 ledgers showing hefty profits despite the strike, and with demand for steel running heavy enough to assure high output during 1960, the steel companies had no pressing need to raise prices, hinted that they might hold off until year's end—maybe beyond, if the United Steelworkers really cooperate in upping productivity. So whether the settlement proves to be inflationary, and whether it will damage U.S. industry's capacity to meet foreign competition remains to be seen. The longer-term answers depend largely on whether steel-industry productivity increases at a faster rate than the 2.7%-a-year average of the past decade—and specifically, whether the union representatives on the new work-rules committee prove willing to make some concessions.

Thorny Challenge. But the grey outcome of the steel strike leaves a deep, dark question unanswered: How can the U.S. make the reality of Big Union power fit in with the other realities of the U.S. economy in the 1960s? During the 1950s, Big Union power became a chronic source of cost-pushed price upreep. Despite McDonald's public relations triumph over steel, the nation is still tired of that upreep and is groping for ways of halting it. And ahead looms the newer, more urgent problem of competition from the rebuilt industries of Western Europe and Japan. The power of Big Labor to keep pushing up labor costs beyond gains in productivity has dulled U.S. industry's once-keen competitive edge in world trade

—and the competition will get tougher in the decade ahead.

Under the prod of growing foreign competition, the U.S. steel industry set out on its crusade against inflation. The defeat of that crusade, however qualified the defeat may be, thrusts upon the U.S. public and the U.S. Government the challenge of curbing the perennial upreep on labor costs in some way that is fair to labor—but also fair to the public and in keeping with the interests of the nation.

DEMOCRATS

Rolling Bandwagon

The day before he announced his candidacy, Massachusetts' Senator John Kennedy got an important telephone call from Columbus, Ohio. On the other end of the line, Ohio Governor Michael V. Di Salle had good news: he was committing himself and Ohio's 64 Democratic Convention delegates to Kennedy as their choice



Glen Cumberledge—Columbus Dispatch
KENNEDY & DI SALLE
Forced counterpoint.

for the presidential nomination. Kennedy thanked him, cautiously called back later to ask if this was an all-out pledge. "All the way," promised Di Salle, "until you're nominated or you release us."*

After making it official at a press conference last week, rotund Mike Di Salle admitted that Kennedy "wasn't exactly disturbed by the announcement. He almost traveled over the telephone." For Jack Kennedy the news was cause for jubilation. It finally answered the long-dangling 64-vote question: with Ohio, Kennedy could count the convention's

fifth largest delegate bloc in his preconvention muster. It regained momentum for the Kennedy bandwagon—which had slowed perceptibly since the birth-control issue (TIME, Dec. 7). And it marked Roman Catholic Kennedy's first major breach of the line that Catholic bosses of big states have thus far held against him.

Rule or Ruin. Mike Di Salle, like such other notable Catholic leaders as Pennsylvania's Governor Dave Lawrence, California's Governor Edmund ("Pat") Brown, Chicago's Mayor Richard Daley, New York's Carmine De Sapio, is especially sensitive to the fact that a fellow Catholic will come under heavy fire both at the Los Angeles convention and in the general election. But Di Salle is also a political realist. In a series of meetings and telephone calls over the past seven months, Kennedy made it quite clear to Di Salle that 1) Kennedy's best chance of winning the nomination lies in making a strong showing in the primaries; and 2) he regarded Ohio as a must state on his list. Kennedy threatened to challenge Di Salle and any other comers, if necessary, to get Ohio's vote (TIME, July 13).

A personal swing through the state convinced Di Salle that Kennedy has a huge following in Ohio; a private poll showed Kennedy well ahead with 60% of the vote. To be defeated in his own home ground by an outsider would mean political ruin for Di Salle and the Democratic machine he has so carefully been building. So he decided to play it safe. "My primary concern," he said candidly, "was with what it meant as far as the Democratic Party in Ohio was concerned."

Stop & Go Man. Before leaving on a Mexican fishing trip, California's Pat Brown stood by his determination to take his 81 delegates to Los Angeles without any commitments. Pennsylvania's Lawrence, whose 81 convention votes could put the nomination in Kennedy's lap, still opposes him and remains, in fact, the one Democratic boss with the strength and prestige to put together a stop-Kennedy ticket. Says Lawrence (who leans toward Adlai Stevenson or Stuart Symington): Kennedy is "a very able young man," but "as far as the Democratic leadership in Pennsylvania is concerned, we're not announcing for any candidate at this time." One leader promptly disagreed: Hiram G. Andrews, speaker of Pennsylvania's state house of representatives, announced that he would vote for Kennedy (he will be a convention delegate-at-large). But nobody believed there would be any serious challenge to Lawrence's control of the Pennsylvanians.

Chicago's Mayor Daley announced last week that he would not, after all, be a candidate for Governor of Illinois. To Kennedymen, this meant only one thing: that Kennedy-leaning Dick Daley would probably throw a sizable number of Illinois' 69 delegates into Jack's pot before the convention. (Had he run for Governor, Daley would not be expected to support another Catholic at the head of the ticket.)

In Maine (15 votes), an endorsement

* Legally, the Ohio delegation cannot be bound by unit rule, but the delegates are honor bound to support the favorite son and the candidate of his choice until released. While there is no law against defections during the convention, in practice the system works as well as unit rule. Explains Di Salle: "It is just a moral commitment."

of Kennedy by Governor Clinton Clausen before his death (TIME, Jan. 11) was posthumously made public, warmly seconded by Maine's Democratic congressional delegation, led by U.S. Senator Edmund Muskie, a Catholic. In Maryland, Governor J. Millard Tawes (Methodist), under almost as much Kennedy pressure as Mike Di Salle, reluctantly agreed to commit his state delegation (24 votes)—at least for the first ballot—by letting Kennedy run uncontested in the May primary.

At week's end Kennedy forces optimistically counted up some 450 delegates on their growing list of pledged supporters (needed to win the nomination: 761). They had used considerable muscle to get their bandwagon rolling, and if it should falter, this could conceivably work against them. But nobody could deny that, for the moment at least, it had rolled farther toward Los Angeles than any other on the road.

REPUBLICANS

Informal Candidate

With less flourish than a tip of the hat, Vice President Richard Milhous Nixon, 47 last week, let it be known that he is a candidate for the Republican nomination for the presidency. In fact not Nixon but his press secretary Herbert Klein, editor on leave from the *San Diego Union*, did the honors. Amiable Herb Klein called in some of the Washington press corps for a 20-min. press conference, said casually that Nixon had "willingly" let his name be entered for the G.O.P. primaries in New Hampshire, Oregon and Ohio. Nixon, he added, would not go into the states to campaign—"not even once." Said Klein: "His main concern in the months ahead will be working with the President on tasks of the Administration."

Does the Vice President foresee "an uphill fight" for his party's nomination?

Hearty laughter.

"Do you think this is as much an announcement as there will ever be before the convention?"

"I think so."

IOWA

The Music Man

Though the left side of his face was drawn by an ailment he did not explain, Iowa's Democratic Governor Herschel Cellet Loveless, 48, last week was a man in motion. "You are listening to a politician who is talking out of the side of his mouth," he cracked to a gleeful meeting of the party faithful one night in Des Moines. "I feel better than I look." He felt well enough to go ahead with his long-planned announcement that he will run for the U.S. Senate seat of Republican Thomas Martin, 66, who announced his retirement last week after 22 undistinguished years in Congress (eight House terms, one Senate term).

Rough-hewn, farm-bred Herschel Loveless did not go to college, got a job as a railroad worker in Ottumwa, was the city's



Adolph Feiler
SENATORIAL CANDIDATE LOVELESS
Brassy corn.

street superintendent when his handling of a 1947 flood turned him into a local hero and set him up for election as mayor in 1949. Consistently underestimated by the dominant G.O.P., even after he beat Incumbent Governor Leo Hoegh in 1956, he exploited his old-shoe manner to win easy re-election in 1958, began to look like a political Music Man to rebuffed Democrats and out-of-tune Republicans.

In the Senate race, the G.O.P. so far seems able to muster only token opposition against him (three relative unknowns announced for the Republican primary), will concentrate instead on an effort to win back the statehouse (three announced, among them Attorney General Norman Erbe). A Methodist who



Associated Press
GOVERNOR-TO-BE DAVIS
Risqué rock 'n' roll.

would like to be Roman Catholic Jack Kennedy's vice presidential running mate, Loveless will probably have little to say about foreign affairs in his senatorial campaign, but much to say about the farm program; he wants a minimum farm income to match labor's minimum wage. This is a formula that can do him no harm in the Senate race, and might commend him to Massachusetts' Kennedy, a big-city, East Coast boy who could use help in unfamiliar agricultural territory.

LOUISIANA

Jambalaya

"Isn't this a fine jambalaya—with Earl Long, the *Times-Picayune*, [Plaquemines Parish Boss] Leander Perez, the *Shreveport Times* . . . the old regulars—this all put together in one pot . . . a mixture that the entire history of Louisiana has never seen before? I am confident the public will bury the whole pot of jambalaya with an avalanche of votes."

So spoke New Orleans' four-term Mayor deLesseps Story Morrison as his Democratic runoff campaign for Governor of Louisiana approached its climax.

Last week, through the uncountrity, the big city of New Orleans and the Cajun lowlands, the avalanche fell—a record 900,000 votes in all—but not on the jambalaya pot. Licked worse than even the strongest pessimist might have guessed was 47-year-old "Chop" Morrison himself, longtime reform politician, perennial foe of the Long regime, and, all in all, a relatively moderate Southerner. The winner: James H. Davis, 59, colorless, onetime Governor (1944-48) renowned for his guitar-strumming and hillbilly compositions (*You Are My Sunshine*), outspoken foe of integration, and without doubt the next Governor of Louisiana (since no Republican candidate stands a chance in the April general election). The vote: 485,000 to 414,000.

Strictly in the Groove. A sharecropper's son, Jimmie Davis always had the knack of strumming his way toward the top. In the old days he held minor offices, taught school (tutoring yodeling on the side), even made B pictures in Hollywood (*Strictly in the Groove*, *Frontier Fury*). His four years as Governor were noted principally for a \$38 million surplus (which Successor Earl Long soon spent). But in his runoff race against Morrison, front runner in the first primary (TIME, Dec. 14), Davis dropped his "peace and harmony" theme, picked up the cause of segregation, and ran hard and fast.

He accused Morrison (who had the backing of most of New Orleans' 34,000 Negro voters) of playing along with the N.A.A.C.P. and Teamster Boss James Hoffa, promised to go to jail before he would permit integration in Louisiana schools. Although he had token support from outgoing Governor Earl Long, Davis' biggest ally was State Senator Willie Rainach, one of Louisiana's hottest segregationists; Rainach rounded up thousands of supporters with the promise that Davis would make him boss of an anti-

integration state sovereignty commission.

Strictly Segregation. Chap Morrison never really got off the ground. A Roman Catholic, he was battling a tradition that has kept Catholics out of the Governor's job since 1888. Moreover, he had lost the powerful support of the New Orleans newspapers and many once-loyal do-gooders. With the segregation issue thrust at him, Morrison proclaimed that he was a better segregationist than Davis (who, he claimed, once ran an "integrated" nightclub in California), spent too much time criticizing Songwriter Davis' risqué compositions (*Red Nightgown Blues*, *Organ Grinder Blues*, etc., etc.).

In all the glory of Jimmie Davis' big victory, one outsider joined the Morrison mourners. He was Massachusetts' John Kennedy, who had been courting on a Morrison victory to give him Louisiana's 26 votes at the Democratic presidential convention in July.

ILLINOIS

Planned Brotherhood

Park Forest, a junior-executive suburb 30 miles south of Chicago's Loop, is as meticulously planned as any postwar community in the nation. Its 31,000 residents live mainly in ranch houses, shop in glossy supermarkets, generally vote Republican, send their children to ultramodern schools. Late last month, into Park Forest moved a new family—Charles Z. (for Zachary) Wilson, 30, an assistant professor of economics at De Paul University, his wife and their three pre-school children. Some of the neighbors dropped in to welcome them, offer assistance, invite Mrs. Wilson to neighborhood coffee klatsches. Ethel Klutznick, wife of Park Forest Developer Philip Klutznick, baked a cake with the inscription, "Welcome to the Wilsons to Park Forest. The Klutznicks." Others kept a dignified if haughty distance, for the Wilsons were the first Negroes to move into Park Forest.

The Wilsons' move was as thoughtfully pre-planned as any other project in Park Forest. Unlike nearby Deerfield, which was thrown into panic at the sudden prospect of a Negro influx (TIME, Dec. 7), Park Forest years ago arranged a course of action for peaceful integration. As soon as it became known that Charles Wilson intended to move in, he was met by a seven-man Commission on Human Relations and questioned about his job, the size of his family, whether or not he was a member of any active pressure groups (he was not). Then two-man teams moved through a two-block radius of Wilson's new house to acquaint each household with the facts about the new neighbors. In a few cases, the family clergyman was to be called in to soothe unduly ruffled householders. Press, radio and TV were told about the move, asked to say nothing about it to avoid attracting crackpots. They agreed.

Last week the Chicago *Sun-Times* broke the story to tell the good news of successful integration. Explained Village President Robert Dinerstein: "The principal reason we've been successful is that

the people of Park Forest are intelligent, responsible Americans who realize a person's rights under law. They may not be happy about a Negro living in Park Forest, but given the facts, they respect his rights under the law."

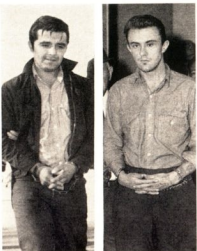
KANSAS

The Killers

Each of us is all the sums he has not counted: subtract us into nakedness and night again, and you shall see begin in Crete four thousand years ago the love that ended yesterday in Texas. The seed of our destruction will blossom in the desert, the alexin of our cure grows by a mountain rock, and our lives are haunted by a Georgia slattern, because a London cutpurse went unhung.

—Thomas Wolfe.
Look Homeward, Angel!

The state penitentiary at Lansing, Kans., and the farmhouse of Herbert Clutter at Holcomb, Kans., 400 miles apart, belonged



Frank Maggala—Las Vegas Sun

PRISONERS SMITH & HICKOCK

At the end of the hidden thread: death,

to separate worlds, and the Clutter family could not have imagined that a hidden thread connected the two. Wheat-grower Herbert Clutter, 48, his wife Bonnie and their teen-age children Kenyon and Nancy might have thought themselves the happiest and most secure family in Kansas. They were prosperous; they lived in a peaceful, law-abiding community; they were liked and admired. But one day a year or so ago, a prisoner in the penitentiary, a sometime farm hand who had once worked on the Clutter farm, told two fellow convicts, Richard Eugene Hickock and Perry Edward Smith, about a safe full of money that Herbert Clutter kept in the house. The safe, like the local legend of Herbert Clutter's great wealth, was a product of imagination, but that trivial fable was the beginning of a twisted thread that for the Clutters ended in terror and death (TIME, Nov. 30).

Hickock and Smith, veteran lawbreakers sent to Lansing on larceny and bur-

glary raps, were paroled in mid-1959. Fortnight ago, ending a man hunt set off by a tip from the imprisoned farm hand, police in Las Vegas, Nev., arrested Hickock and Smith at the request of the Kansas Bureau of Investigation. Weak-faced Richard Hickock, 28, and runty (5 ft., 4 in.) Perry Smith, 31, broke down under questioning, were arraigned last week on charges of murder. In November, they confessed, they drove to the Clutter farm in the middle of the night, entered the house through an unlocked door, herded the Clutters into a bathroom at shotgun point. Hickock stood guard over them while Smith futilely searched for the imaginary safe.

After giving up hope of a big haul, the thugs bound and gagged the Clutters, then cold-bloodedly slaughtered them one by one, shooting each in the head with a shotgun held a few inches away. Then, after carefully collecting the fired shells, the killers hurried away with their skimpy loot: a portable radio, a pair of field glasses, about \$40 in cash. Why did they murder the Clutters? Explained Hickock: "We didn't want any witnesses."

AVIATION

Disintegration & Disaster

The 105 passengers with tickets on National Airlines 707 jet flight to Miami waited impatiently at New York's Idlewild Airport one night last week. Scheduled departure was 9:15 p.m., but the ground crew reported a cracked windshield on the Boeing 707, and National had to substitute two other planes—a turboprop Lockheed Electra and a conventional Douglas DC-6B. First come, first served, 76 passengers went aboard the Electra, and the plane roared off for Miami at 11:25, arrived safely about 3½ hours later. At 11:51 p.m. the remaining 29 passengers and a crew of five took off in the DC-6B. Less than three hours later they were dead.

As airline and Civil Aeronautics Board investigators pieced things together, the DC-6B had just started a 550-mile overwater leg between Wilmington, N.C., and Miami at the assigned altitude of 18,000 ft. when the plane began to disintegrate. One body and chunks of fuselage washed in from the ocean; other bodies were scattered over 16 miles to the point where the forward section crashed in a plowed field near the hamlet of Bolivia, N.C., 15 miles inland. Pilot Dale Southard, 46, a World War II Military Air Transport Service veteran, evidently had some warning of trouble, for some passengers were wearing life jackets. But he made no emergency radio calls. All signs indicated that he was heading back toward his plane, fighting desperately to hold his plane on course as it lost altitude and tore itself apart. Some experts guessed that the trouble could have been caused by a runaway propeller; others wondered about a mid-air explosion.

But not until all the pieces were reassembled, and all the fragments of bodies examined, were inspectors likely to make a knowledgeable guess about one of the strangest crashes in U.S. aviation history.

Defiance & Determination

The crash of National Airlines' Miami-bound DC-6B threw an eerie flash of light across one of the darkest problems of U.S. commercial aviation: the stubborn campaign by top brass of the Air Line Pilots' Association (A.F.L.-C.I.O.) against the efforts of the Federal Aviation Agency to enforce stricter pilot and airline compliance with U.S. air-safety regulations.

While experts were still collecting the North Carolina wreckage, the head of the National Airlines branch of the pilots' union, Captain Robert J. Rohan, fired off a telegram to FAA Administrator Elwood Quesada suggesting a charge that made more responsible pilots' union members gasp. The FAA's recently instituted pilot check procedure, Rohan implied, may have caused both the crash of National's DC-6B and the crash of a National-operated DC-7B (with 42 dead) last November over the Gulf of Mexico. FAA's pilot-proficiency tests require pilots to go through "approaches to stalls and unusual maneuvers . . . even though . . . these maneuvers are not necessary, and are deleterious to the air frame, and may eventually lead to the failure," wrote Rohan. National's pilots, he added flatly, would refuse to take further FAA proficiency tests "until this matter is resolved."

That matter was resolved quickly enough. As FAA's "Pete" Quesada quickly pointed out, "the maneuvers required in pilot-proficiency checks place less stress and strain on the aircraft than that frequently encountered in routine and regularly scheduled operations." He was backed unanimously by airline officials. National Airlines' Vice President L. W. Dymond hurriedly said that the problem was a result of "local misunderstanding"; the pilots would indeed continue to take such tests—or else lose their licenses. Still, the telegram served to dramatize the pilots' union feud with General Quesada's administration; a feud based principally on the fact that in his 13 months as boss of civilian and military air operation, tough, dedicated Pete Quesada (TIME, July 6) has cracked down mercilessly on slipshod maintenance and flying procedures that have bedeviled the airlines for years.

No Nonsense. Quesada, retired Air Force general officer and at 55 still a first-class flying man, took over his new job at a time when air-traffic control in the U.S. was a dangerous hodgepodge of uncoordinated civil and military operation and when the onrushing jet age was threatening to make deadly confusion on the nation's airways. He began by instituting a new program of cooperative military-civilian control of airspace, then set out to tighten civilian air-safety practices and bring them up to military standards. He sent his inspectors through a demanding Air Force check-out course in the KC-135 (the military version of the Boeing 707), and took the course himself (he is qualified to fly all jet types including fighters). "Now," he says, "the FAA inspectors can fly these jets better than the man they're checking out." One out of four pilots, in fact, fails the FAA flight test on com-



Associated Press

VICTIMS OF DC-6B CRASH AWAITING IDENTIFICATION
A flash of light over a dark problem.

cial jets first time around, and it was because the ratio was higher among pilots 55 and older than Quesada a few weeks ago made 60 the mandatory retirement age—and thus once more incurred the anger of most oldtime airline flyers, who had looked for retirement at 65.

In no-nonsense inspections of pilot qualification, flying and maintenance practices, the FAA has jumped on infractions, slapped heavy fines on offending pilots and lines. Last February, for example, a Delta Air Lines DC-6 dropped an improperly fastened cowling while in flight—the fourth such incident in eleven months. Fine: \$1,000 (later reduced to \$500). In June a National Airlines pilot, while observed in cockpit by an FAA inspector, failed to use his check list in taking off and landing, explained to the inspector: "I don't use the check list when you're

not on board; why should I use it when you are?" Fine: \$1,000.

No Drinks for Drunks. On the whole, many pilots and airline executives agree, with varying amounts of reluctance, that Pete Quesada's clean-up campaign is a good thing. Though many think that he is a stubborn hairsplitter in enforcing too many rules and regulations (e.g., forbidding pilots to fraternize with passengers during flight), most will admit that he has achieved more results than any of his predecessors—at a time when results are sorely needed. Last week, for example, Quesada issued a ruling (to the airlines' and air crews' gratification) that forbids passengers to drink liquor in flight unless it is served by a member of the crew—and not even then if the passenger appears drunk. More far-reaching was Quesada's ruling that all U.S. air carriers must install functioning airborne weather radar in their passenger planes (exceptions: the aging C-46, DC-3). The order came after the FAA found that a Capitol Airlines Viscount, which broke up in a thunderstorm south of Baltimore last spring killing 31 people, could have avoided the turbulent core of the storm if its radar had been operating properly.

Pete Quesada is determined to carry out such improvements and tightening of rules no matter how rough the fight. This week the fight will hit Congress, when Senator Mike Monroney's Senate Aviation Subcommittee opens hearings on the state of U.S. commercial aviation. The pilots-union reaction to the National DC-6 crash indicated that complaints will fall fast and furiously. Quesada knows it, but he feels that he has got the public on his side. "When you go to the ticket counter and buy a ticket," says Pete Quesada, "you don't know who's going to fly you, or anything about his training, or the airline's equipment—nothing. The public acts in faith, faith in this system, and we'll see to backing up that faith. I'm here to represent the public, and dammit, the public will be protected."



Hank Walker—LIFE

FAA ADMINISTRATOR QUESADA
A promise of protection.



GEORGE SHADDOX—LIFE

PRESIDENT EISENHOWER'S GETTYSBURG FARM: BE THEY ELEGANT OR HUMBLE, THEY WILL BE LASTING

HALLS OF HISTORY

Presidents' Homes Reflect Periods, Personalities

AS Dwight Eisenhower begins his last year in the White House, he admits to a sustaining vision of life at another home: his 192-acre Gettysburg farm, with its promise of relaxed living, carefree hours padding about the yards and fields, and overseeing his herd of black Aberdeen Angus cattle. "You'll be a full-fledged farmer when you get through with your job down in Washington," a guest once remarked. "Brother," beamed the President, "I hope, I hope."

Such a hope has buoyed many a President since March 9, 1797, when George Washington at last made his way homeward through cheering throngs to Mount Vernon. But as Washington was the first to discover, obscurity is impossible for an ex-President. Though Washington settled back easily into his planter's life, visitors thought nothing of inviting themselves to dinner, and Mount Vernon's twelve bedrooms were rarely empty. Not even death removed the aura of Washington's august presence. Today, 160 years after he died, his Mount Vernon draws more than 1,000,000 visitors a year.

As the shadows have lengthened over the early history of the Republic, the homes and birthplaces of not only the great, but the near great and even the pedestrian Presidents have taken on the quality of national shrines (see color). The realization that such buildings, no matter how modest, are a living part of the national heritage has often come too late. Of the 89 structures known as having important associations with the 33 Presidents, 19 have disappeared, 46 are still in private ownership, and 39 are open to the public.

Ostentation & Austerity. Of those that survive, none set a higher tone than the great plantation houses of the Virginians. Perhaps the least known is James Madison's stately Montpelier, which is now a race-horse breeding farm owned by Marion duPont Scott (former wife of Actor Randolph Scott). In Montpelier's heyday there was no more festive scene than the dinner parties for 90, presided over by vivacious Dolly Madison, "a fine, portly, buxom dame."

Virginians not only maintained standards; they set them as well. As Frontiersman Andrew Jackson's Hermitage (*opposite*) proves, "Old Hickory" and his devoted, pipe-smoking Rachel cheerfully put up with log cabins for 15 years before they realized their dream of a grand white-columned house of their own. Jackson built the Hermitage in 1819, four years after the Battle of New Orleans. Rachel tragically died 2½ months before he entered the Presidency. During his final years in the Hermitage, Jackson kept in his bedroom the pistol with which he had killed Charles Dickinson defending Rachel's honor (as well as the bullet in his own chest received in the same duel).

Frugal New Englanders, from the Adamsses to Calvin Coolidge, were strong naysayers to ostentation. The grey clapboard Old House in Quincy, where John Adams spent his declining years in voracious reading, has its equal, and superior, in many a New England village. But few historical sites in the U.S. have cradled so many greats. There the sixth President ("Old Man Eloquent"), John Quincy Adams, grew up; Diplomat Charles Francis Adams built the adjacent fireproof stone library to house the Adams family's 8,450 volumes; and the fourth-generation Historians Brooks and Henry Adams did much of their writing.

Lincoln's Springfield home, a Greek Revival house with a coat of Quaker brown, was worth a mere \$3,000 when he left it for the White House. James ("Old Buck") Buchanan's 17-room Wheatland was styled for luxurious living. Bachelor Buchanan had acquired nearly \$200,000 by the time he left the White House, and with it a taste for luxury, including plumbing. To service the four upstairs bedrooms he installed a sumptuous bathroom, modeled on the installation President Fillmore had introduced into the White House.

Elegant or Humble. The Virginians, and even the Adamsses, had imported much of their furniture from England and France; Ulysses S. Grant relied on American craftsmen for everything from dry sink to horsehair sofa. The 230,000 visitors who now visit the recently renovated Grant house have no trouble spotting many a familiar attic piece. Even Grant found the Galena house too tame after the White House and his world tour, spent \$95,000 for a Manhattan town house before his investments went sour, and he was left a poor man.

Post-presidential readjustment brought many ex-Presidents to a state near insolvency, but it never troubled Teddy Roosevelt, who from the outset was assured of at least \$10,000 annual inherited income. This left T.R. free to turn his vitality into everything he did, from bagging elephants to writing. Such a man is reflected in his surroundings, and there is no more vigorously masculine house in the U.S. than his Sagamore Hill.

As the U.S. gained depth in history, it developed a better appreciation of the historical value of such places as its Presidents' homes. Franklin D. Roosevelt's Hyde Park, which now draws more than 240,000 visitors annually, was designated a National Historic Site in 1944 while F.D.R. was still in the White House. Now the National Park Service is considering a systematic survey to ensure that at least one residence for each President will be preserved. The new President who will be elected in 1960—however elegant or humble his home may be—can expect it to be lasting.



LOG CABINS near Nashville, Tenn., which once included a blockhouse were Andrew Jackson's home for 15 years, until he could afford to build Hermitage on front of lot.

THE HERMITAGE, with stately white portico, was built by Andrew Jackson in 1819 using slave labor, native wood and stone. The dining room is large enough to seat 100.





ADAMS HOUSE in Quincy, Mass. was home of two Presidents. John Adams (1797-1801) and John Quincy Adams (1825-1829), and remained in family for 159 years. House filled with

heirlooms became National Historic Site in 1946. Oldest section, built by Tory planter in 1731, was added to by each generation. In foreground is wing with upstairs study built by John Adams.





LINCOLN'S HOUSE in Springfield, Ill. is only home he ever owned. He paid \$1,500 for it in 1844 and lived there until 1861.

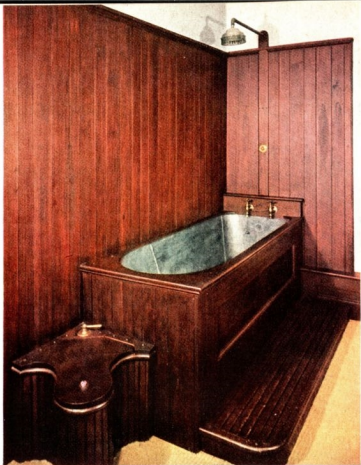


MONTPELIER is Orange County, Va. mansion where James Madison spent youth and retirement. Here wife Dolly was famous hostess.



WHEATLAND in Lancaster, Pa., was bought by James Buchanan in 1848. Front porch later served as platform during his 1856 campaign.

BATHROOM in Buchanan's house included 6-ft. 5½-in. zinc-lined tub, designed to accommodate Buchanan, a portly six-footer.



PARLOR at Wheatland has portraits of Victoria, Albert and Prince of Wales, which Buchanan was accused of taking from White House.





MASTER BEDROOM in General Ulysses S. Grant's home in Galena, Ill., has stove and chamber pot of period. Slippers were Mrs. Grant's.

GRANT'S HOUSE in Galena was gift of grateful citizens after Civil War. Recently restored, it draws 230,000 visitors annually.



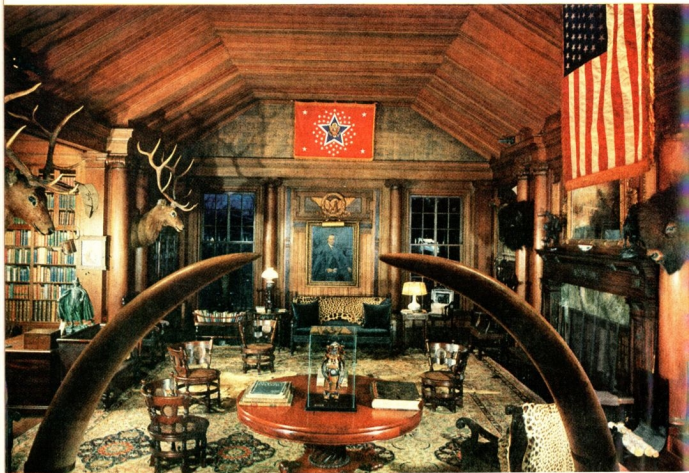
PERIOD-PIECE parlor, where Grant received word he was elected President, has views of Mexico fanking portrait of Sheridan, Grant, Sherman.





SAGAMORE HILL. Theodore Roosevelt's 23-room mansion at Oyster Bay, L.I., served as summer White House during his 7½ years as President. House cost \$16,975 in 1884.

NORTH ROOM. framed by elephant tusks given Roosevelt by Emperor of Abyssinia, has leopard skins, elk and bison heads shot by T.R. On wall is Roosevelt's presidential flag.



FOREIGN NEWS

FRANCE

Symbol at Stake

As the first anniversary of his Fifth Republic rolled around last week, France's Charles de Gaulle was vacationing in the south at the 11th century abbey of La Celle in Provence. It was either a characteristic bit of lonely audacity on his part or a gathering of strength for the battle ahead, for before President De



MINISTER PINAY

Paris-Match

"If the government does not want me..."

Gaulle lay the most serious crisis yet to face his regime.

The crisis bore the name of the man most closely identified with the one big success of the De Gaulle era—Finance Minister Antoine Pinay. Hopefully, peace may one day crown De Gaulle's efforts in Algeria, history may yet regard De Gaulle's generosity to the restless states of French West Africa as high statesmanship, but the one here-and-now triumph of the regime has been economic. And that is the province of short, commonsensical Antoine Pinay, 68, onetime leader of the powerful right-wing Independents in France's National Assembly and one of the Fourth Republic's many Premiers.

Plain-spoken Antoine Pinay, small-town leather manufacturer who has made himself the living symbol of the Frenchman who carefully counts his change, has long been unhappy in his Cabinet job. He wanted to make quicker progress toward a settlement in Algeria; he deplored De Gaulle's disregard of his allies and his disdain for NATO. And Pinay made no attempt to disguise his personal dislike for Premier Michel Debré. On at least one occasion he so irked De Gaulle himself that the general accused Pinay of having forgotten "which republic it was."

For all that, Pinay is by common consent De Gaulle's most effective minister. Executing plans drawn up by Economic Braintrust Jacques Rueff, he carried through—without the usual rapid and disastrous rise in prices—the devaluation that gave the franc a strength it had not enjoyed in international markets since 1936. Introducing economic liberalism into France's closed economy, he made the franc convertible, hacked away at government subsidies, even persuaded French business to abandon its traditional protectionism and go wholeheartedly into the Common Market. Heartened by the knowledge that Pinay was at the helm, wealthy Frenchmen repatriated massive quantities of capital that they had secreted abroad—a phenomenon that helped restore France's foreign reserves.

Fire Me. But Gaullist ideologists in Debré's Cabinet—led by Minister of Industry Jean-Marcel Jeanneney and Justice Minister Edmond Michelet—had other ideas. To keep the French economy growing, they argued, the government must exercise more active control of business. They wanted to:

❑ Establish a government corporation, similar to Italy's state petroleum monopoly, to refine and market Sahara oil;

❑ Adopt West Germany's "co-management" scheme—which would give France's heavily Communist unions seats on the board of directors of every important French company;

❑ Set up a government bank to make loans to ailing industries.

Fortnight ago, Pinay took his objections to the public. Said he: "It is surprising enough that the present government should consider carrying out what are really socialist policies. But that I should be required to apply such a policy is altogether out of the question." And last week, before a showdown session with Debré, he said that he had no intention of going quietly: "If the government does not want me any more, it will have to issue a decree removing me from office."

Then, proceeding to the Premier's study in the Hôtel Matignon, Pinay stated his terms: unchallenged control in future over all of France's economic and financial affairs. Replied Debré stiffly: "There is no Pinay policy. There is only the policy of the government and the head of state."

The Muttered Word. In the Fifth Republic of Charles de Gaulle, other voices may object but cannot prevail. The National Assembly is growing resentful of its constitutional impotence. Leftists are impatient over wage freezes and mad about state aid to church schools (a touchy issue that led to the Education Minister's resignation). Rightists charge that De Gaulle is liquidating France's colonial empire with indecent haste, and disapprove of his Algerian concessions. Many Frenchmen, left to right, are nervous about De Gaulle's attitude toward the Western alliance. Appeals to *la gloire* are no longer

enough to drown out all these objections. At the mere suggestion that Pinay might leave the Cabinet, shares on the Paris Bourse fell last week.

The threat was not to De Gaulle himself: as President, he holds a seven-year contract. But it could very well undermine Premier Debré, a talented and remote lawyer faithful to De Gaulle but with little popularity of his own. Foreign confidence in the franc and the continued



PREMIER DEBRÉ

Central Press

... it will have to issue a decree."

soundness of the French economy were at issue in the challenge posed by Antoine Pinay this week to Charles de Gaulle, returning to his first Cabinet meeting of the new year.

"Sadly Conclusive"

"Almost everywhere, when they could speak without witnesses, detainees complained of having been given the electrical or water treatment* during interrogation . . . In some camps, the medical member of the mission was able to carry out physical examinations, the results of which were sadly conclusive." With this stark quotation, France's *Le Monde*, most respected of Paris newspapers, last week confirmed beyond dispute that the French army in Algeria is still using torture.

The source of *Le Monde's* story was no French leftist or Arab enemy of France, but a 270-page report written by four International Red Cross Committee delegates who visited 82 Algerian camps and prisons late last year. Submitted to the French government in confidence, the report was marked for quiet burial in the secret archives until *Le*

* Electrical current sent through the testicles; water forced into the throat through a tube.

Monde got hold of a copy, published a full-page summary.

In about one-half of the camps they visited, the Red Cross inspectors found conditions "satisfactory to good." (One of the best, they noted, was run by a French officer who had been an inmate of Nazi Germany's Dachau concentration camp.) But at the "transit camp" of Cinq-Palmiers in the Algiers military district, the inspectors found six prisoners, three of whom displayed recent contusions, jammed into a single cell; at their feet lay the corpse of yet another Moslem who had died unattended during the preceding night. At Telagh, in Oran military district, the wrists of several prisoners still bore the marks of ropes used to hang them from the ceiling during interrogations. And at the small (152 men) camp of Bou-Gobrine, so many prisoners had been killed "while attempting to escape," that the inspectors dryly suggested that "this question would appear to deserve closer study."

Most camp commandants, when asked about specific charges of torture or ill treatment, professed deep indignation, cited President de Gaulle's strict commands against it, and promised to carry out immediate investigations. But in one camp near Algiers the *gendarmerie* colonel in command refused even to pretend that he opposed torture, frankly told the inspectors: "The struggle against terrorism makes certain interrogation methods indispensable. These alone allow us to save lives and avoid new attacks."

To minimize *Le Monde's* report, French Premier Michel Debré issued a hasty communiqué emphasizing that the Red Cross team had noted "a clear improvement" in the detention camps since a previous inspection. But favorable as Debré professed to find the Red Cross report, *Le Monde* was promptly seized in Algeria.



Henri Cartier-Bresson—MAGNUM
AUTHOR CAMUS

He fought a lie for a quarter-truth.

The Rebel

Paris-Press told the news in one stark word so closely identified with Albert Camus in life: ABSURD. In Paris small crowds of his admirers gathered around newsstands, not quite knowing what they were waiting for. One by one the celebrated names of French literature poured out their stunned tributes. Author Camus, 46, France's (1957) Nobel prizewinner, had been killed in a speeding sports car. "A stupid death," cried one Academician bitterly, but somehow nothing could have seemed more in keeping with the vision Camus had had of his time.

He had come out of sun-baked Algeria—a strange and extreme land, he wrote

later, that "gives the man it nourishes both his splendor and his misery." The son of a Spanish mother and a French farm laborer who was killed in the first battle of the Marne, Camus worked at everything from selling auto accessories to clerking at a *prefecture de police* to get his education. By the time he wrote his thesis at the University of Algiers, he had already had tuberculosis, had married and separated, joined the Communist Party and then quit in disgust. Before his death last week, more had been written about him than he had written himself. Above all his contemporaries, he was the authentic voice of France's war generation.

The Despair. It was in 1942, when all humanity "stood at the open door of Hell," that France first heard of him, in his bleak first novel, *The Stranger*, set in a death cell, and then in a collection of essays, *The Myth of Sisyphus*, where Camus explained his doctrine of the absurd. Its first words are: "There is but one truly serious philosophical question, and that is suicide," and its conclusion is that in a world with no God, man's only hope is to keep the absurd alive, and thus suicide is unthinkable. Because Camus articulated despair so eloquently, a generation bred in depression, surrender and occupation chose him its leader in its quest for something to believe in.

The Promise. When France fell to the Nazis, Camus joined the Resistance in North Africa, eventually made his way to Paris. There, while working for his publisher, Gaston Gallimard, he secretly edited the Resistance newspaper *Combat*. On the day of liberation, *Combat* appeared with a Page One editorial, "Out of this dread childbirth," Camus had written, "a revolution is being born. The Paris that fights tonight intends to command tomorrow, not for power but for justice, not for politics but morality." For millions, that was the promise of the peace.

But the promise quickly tarnished. Camus' friend, Jean-Paul Sartre, preached his dreary mixture of Marxism and Existentialism; Camus continued to describe the absurd. It was for him a time of "solitary struggle," when all the forces of the old Resistance were falling apart. When *Combat* seemed in danger of being compromised, Camus quit his job. "He wanted politics with clean hands," explains a former colleague, and many took Camus as symbol of the "betrayed" liberation.

The Question. He paid his own symbolic tribute to the Resistance in his second novel, *The Plague*, but the book, as Camus noted, was also his most anti-Christian. Its theme was man's common struggle to fight evil "without lifting our eyes towards the Heavens where God stays silent." As one character puts it, "Can one become a saint without God?" The question was to be asked in 17 different languages and Camus found himself famous.

France took a fond pride in its rising young star. Hatless, in rumpled trench-coat, cigarette dangling, he became a familiar figure along the Boulevard St. Germain, and on his arm there always seemed to be a pretty woman. But life still re-



THE WRECK IN WHICH CAMUS DIED

He had a word for it: absurd.

UPI

mained a procession of causes. He resigned from UNESCO when Franco's Spain joined the U.N.; he campaigned for German workers killed by Communist police in East Berlin. Alone in his hotel room, standing at a chest-high desk, he wrote. In 1951 his fiercely anti-Marxist *The Rebel* burst upon Paris.

Horrified by the nihilism that came out of the 19th century and the tyranny of the 20th, Camus declared "the evil geniuses of contemporary Europe" to be Hegel, Marx and Nietzsche. Communism was no better than Nazism, for "all executioners are of the same family." He refused religious and political absolutes. Justice, he said, "is both a concept and a warmth of soul. Let us ensure that we adopt it in its human aspect without transforming it into the terrible abstract passion which has mutilated so many men."

The Heresy. Having examined suicide, in *The Rebel* he had turned to the problem of murder—the murder committed in the name of future utopias. "End satisfies the means?" he demanded. "Is this possible? But what will justify the ends?" Sartre raged against him, and their quarrel reverberated through those intent Left Bank circles whose proud boast is that they dispute only about essentials. Sartre's onetime great and good friend, Simone de Beauvoir, cruelly lampooned Camus' life and loves in her novel *The Mandarins*.

"Every revolutionary," Camus declared, "ends up by being an oppressor or a heretic." Just how far his heresy would take him, he himself did not know. "If one could create a party of those who are not sure they are right," he said, "it would be mine." Yet, at last, the heavy weight of nihilism and Marxism seemed lifted. "It may be necessary to fight a lie in the name of a quarter-truth," said Camus. "That is our situation at present. The quarter-truth that Western Civilizations contain is called liberty. Without liberty it is possible to improve heavy industry, but not to increase justice or truth."

The Visitor. In 1957, for the light he had shed "on the problem posed in our day by the conscience of man," Camus won the Nobel Prize for Literature—the youngest man except Kipling ever so honored. With the money, he and his wife bought a Provencal farmhouse near the village of Lourmarin. There, with their 14-year-old twins, they put their marriage together again. Camus' friend Michel Gallimard, the nephew of his publisher, stopped last week with his wife and daughter on his way from Cannes to Paris. The car he was driving was a sleek Facel Vega, and Gallimard asked if Camus would like a ride to Paris.

"It is wonderful to drive fast," said Camus gaily, "when one is not driving oneself." At 2 that afternoon, the car sped through the town of Villeneuve-la-Guyard, about 80 miles southeast of Paris. A few minutes later it lurched out of control, hurtled against one tree and smashed into another. When the police arrived, they found Gallimard fatally injured, his wife and daughter unconscious. In the back of the car, whose speedometer had stuck at

150 km. (94 m.p.h.), was the crushed and lifeless body of Albert Camus.

At week's end, under the cypress trees of the Lourmarin cemetery, the mayor of the village spoke a few words, and in prayerless silence the coffin of Albert Camus was lowered.

RUSSIA

Creeping Private Enterprise

In Soviet Russia, the commuter is called a dachnik. In Chekhov's day he was strictly a summer bird, flitting back and forth to a rustic cottage in the city's fringing forests. In modern, jam-packed Moscow, he is more and more a year-round, living in the country because he has no place else to live, and commuting, like the U.S. suburbanite (see BUSINESS), by train—the 8:02 *elektrichka*.

He not only wins the bread but brings it home. Even if there is a store near by, his wife firmly believes that food brought



COMMUTER'S HOME OUTSIDE MOSCOW
The plumbing is openly arrived at.

from town is better and fresher. Every night after work the "dacha husband" (as Chekhov called him) goes shopping, list in hand, and patiently queueing. Then, laden like a pack mule, he must wedge his way into a crowded train. His worst problem: kerosene, still the main cooking fuel in outlying places. The railroad bars it as dangerous, and if the dacha husband is caught carrying it, he will be put off the train and fined. He must therefore have a container sufficiently camouflaged to look like a food parcel.

When at last he staggers in through his front door and deposits his load, the dachnik, instead of relaxing in a easy chair, must swing an ax or carry water: most dachas are heated with wood stoves, and the plumbing is openly arrived at.

Communist Castles. Rugged as this daily grind is, more and more Muscovites are turning into dachniks. Private frame

dwellings (individually owned, but on land leased from the state) arise in numbers almost as great as the grey blocks of new city apartments that grow in melancholy monotony in Moscow's residential districts. Letting or subletting dachas is one of the few flourishing forms of private enterprise left in Russia. Last week the Moscow press charged that a food-store manager had unlawfully bought a twelve-room, seven-porch dacha in a scientists' colony, added two more dachas inside his high walls ("almost a feudal castle, lacking only the moat and drawbridge"), hired a caretaker couple full time, and made thousands of rubles by renting out porches, rooms and cottages to dachniks at excessive prices. A dacha need not be grand: a peasant's hut qualifies as a dacha when one room or a veranda is rented to a summer tourist.

In the grimmer '30s, dachas were for exclusive colonies of the favored elite—commissars, scientists, writers, composers. But now the government complains of creeping free enterprise, and accuses crooked officials of ignoring zoning regulations to help "speculators" turn Moscow's green environs into building lots.

Behind Fences. Recently, the newspaper *Sovetskaya Rossiya* accused three Moscow housing-administration officials of unlawfully putting up their own dachas on reserved grounds, and complained that "at a time when our country is striding confidently toward Communism, it is strange to see such castlelike dachas rising behind heavy fences." Khrushchev lives in a dacha of Czarist proportions, but for others he favors "setting up hotels and boarding houses for workers in the loveliest places around Moscow." *Sovetskaya Rossiya* went further, demanded a ban on any new dacha building within a 30-mile radius of the Kremlin to "assure healthy rest places for the broadest masses."

18 Years in a Dung Heap

Like a dead soul out of Gogol, a human figure rose out of a dung heap recently in the Ukrainian village of Tsirkuny, and rushed forth shrieking: "I want to live! I want to work!"

Astounded neighbors, reported the Soviet newspaper *Izvestia* last week, found that the stinking, blinking, sunken-jawed wretch was Grisha Sikalenko, 37, a fellow they all thought had died a hero's death fighting Germans in World War II. In truth, quavered Grisha, he had deserted the very night he marched away to war, sneaked home to the hiding place his parents made for him under the manure pile at the back of the family goat shed. "Don't mind the goats and the dung," his mother told him. "At least you'll survive."

Survive he did—for 18 years in his living grave. Twice a day his mother slipped him food, scarcely paused for a word. In winters he nearly froze, and when the summer heat beat down on his reeking pit, he almost suffocated. Yet only on darkest nights would he surface for air. One night, crawling out for fresh air, he saw crosses on the rooftops and fled back in panic, mistaking the new TV aerials for signs of



BRITAIN'S MACMILLAN BEING LIFTED TO SURF CRAFT
The snakes were gone, but not the slogans.

doom. At last, when his younger brother married and the whole village reviled round him, Grisha under his dunghill cursed the day when cowardice induced him to be buried alive. He spent a few more months screwing up his courage, then surfaced.

Once out, he found that his fears of being punished for desertion were groundless: the statute of limitations for wartime desertion had long since made him immune from prosecution, and besides, added *Izvestia* charitably, 18 years in a manure pile was punishment enough.

GHANA

Welcoming the Guests

"I am here to see and learn," said Britain's Harold Macmillan carefully as he stepped off his plane in humid Accra to begin a month in Africa. This was the thing to say, for Prime Minister Kwame Nkrumah, his host for the first lap of the trip, was clearly in a teaching mood.

Although there were few banners up for the occasion and Nkrumah's own party paper launched a bitter attack against "British imperialism" on the eve of Macmillan's arrival, Nkrumah himself was cordial enough to his guest, treating him to lunch at a picturesque spot, hence on a river bluff, carefully cleared of snakes and insects in advance. The two also got on famously at a statehouse banquet with fine wines and pheasant flown in from Britain, and later at a stag dinner given by the British Governor General. But the formal business between the Premiers of Britain and Ghana could be dispatched with brevity; in 5½ days Macmillan and Nkrumah spent only two hours in serious formal discussion, and conversation languished, not out of any antipathy but because neither could think of much that needed saying.

For Macmillan and Lady Dorothy, the

fun came in strolls through Accra's colorful street markets, where mobs of merchant "mammies" screamed "*Akwaba*" (welcome) and jovially spread bright *kente* cloth on the streets for the Macmillans to walk on. Showered with gifts, Macmillan gingerly examined a proffered smoked fish, retorting, "What, no chips?" Natty in a grey tropical suit, the Prime Minister even mounted a surf craft to be paddled briefly out to sea by a team of Accra's skillful boatmen.

The Macmillans tactfully stayed home when Nkrumah addressed a huge crowd at Accra's main arena to celebrate the tenth anniversary of Nkrumah's independence campaign against Britain, begun back in the days when Ghana was the Gold Coast colony. "I wish to sound a note of warning," shouted Nkrumah, as the throng shrieked "*eee-yah*" in approval, "that the enemies of African freedom, namely the colonial powers and their imperialist collaborators, are planning hard to sabotage African unity . . . They are prepared to grant political independence, but are also planning to dominate the African territories in the economic and technical fields."

Next night at a formal banquet, Nkrumah, unworried by any possible inconsistency, turned to Macmillan and voiced the hope that Britain "will consider favorably any request for further assistance that we may make in the future, particularly in connection with the Volta River project," a \$170 million hydroelectric scheme for which Nkrumah would like Britain to lend Ghana half the money. Macmillan's bland response: Britain would follow Ghana's economic needs "with sympathetic interest." He added an oblique comment on Nkrumah's performance the day before: "If we cannot cooperate, but sit down in opposite camps shouting slogans at each other, we shall all suffer grievous harm."

UNITED ARAB REPUBLIC Never So Neutral

*Miracles have been achieved
Due to Gamal's determination.*

—The Aswan High Dam Song

On the great day, radios all over Egypt blared the new hit tune. At Aswan itself, 430 miles upstream from Cairo, thousands of white-robed fellahin flocked along the Nile's reddish-granite brink. Two trainloads of newsmen arrived from Cairo. Then, in the presence of Morocco's visiting King Mohammed V, Soviet Power Station Minister Ignaty Novikov, Cuba's Foreign Minister Raúl Roa, and scores of other dignitaries, including the American and British *chefs d'affaires*, President Gamal Nasser yanked the switch that exploded ten tons of dynamite in the river cliff. At last, work had begun on the billion-dollar Aswan High Dam, which when built will be a mightier achievement than the proudest pyramid of the Pharaohs. It will increase Egypt's arable land by one-third, reclaiming 1,000,000 acres of desert and giving another 700,000 acres the capability of producing several crops a year instead of only one.

Four years ago, when John Foster Dulles abruptly withdrew a U.S. tender of a \$56 million Aswan Dam loan, it looked as if the dam might never be built. But the Russians came through with a promise of about \$10 million. That offer has survived Nasser's later disenchantment with the Soviets (he has, for example, quietly withdrawn many Egyptian students from Russian universities, is sending 500 to study in the U.S.). At the Aswan ceremonies, after duly thanking "the country that agreed to help us," Nasser grandly dismissed past "threats and economic pressures" from the West: "They afforded us an opportunity to win."

Open to Offers, Nasser is being insistently neutral these days, and no longer shows a pattern of antagonism for the West. Leaning away from the Communists because they back his rival Kassem in Iraq, he makes it clear that he has signed with the Russians to build only the Aswan project's first stage (coffer dams and a diversion canal). Concerning the project's more ambitious second and third stages (building the nearly three-mile-long, half-mile-thick dam itself and its power plants), Public Works Minister Mousa Arafat says: "As a neutral country, we will take the offer most to our benefit." Despite the Russians' head start, Japan, Italy, Britain, Austria and West Germany are running hard for second-stage contracts. This month West Germany's Economics Minister Ludwig Erhard is due in Cairo to offer a \$48 million credit to start some second-stage work without waiting four years for the Russians to finish their preliminary job. But the Egyptians want to see the Russians deeply involved in the first stage first.

Back to the Village. Any possible speedup at Aswan will be attractive to Nasser, who is pledged "to double the national income [currently a woeful \$150 per

capita] in ten years," Nasser, the audacious international adventurer, has at last begun looking to his country's internal needs. During a flurry of Cabinet meetings last June and July, the President ordered a rethinking of policies in the light of U.A.R. failures to extend its leadership in the Arab world—not only in Iraq, but also in Tunisia, Jordan, Lebanon, the Sudan, Libya. One result of this rethinking was Nasser's speech at Port Said last month redefining Arab nationalism's goal not as one-Arab-nation but as merely "solidarity" of foreign and defense policies among sister Arab states. And for the first time in years he has been traveling intensively around his own country.

A Cow, A House. Sending his right-hand man, Field Marshal Abdel Hakim Amer, to mend badly neglected and sagging fences in the northern Syrian province, Nasser took personal charge of his lagging Egyptian land-reclamation program and recently handed title to 350 new smallholders at Edku in the Nile delta. At Port Said last month, he proclaimed that his first \$870 million, five-year industrialization plan was creating 800,000 new jobs, and that his \$1.3 billion rural-development program would "build a house for every farmer, give every farmer a cow, and . . . change our society." The U.S. has not yet matched Russian aid, but has put up or is planning to advance some \$150 million in loan and credits, making Nasser indisputably the Middle East's most successful neutralist.

PAKISTAN

How to Get Elected President

In his 14 months in power, Field Marshal Mohammed Ayub Khan had done much to retrieve Pakistan from the misrule of her squabbling, corrupt politicians. But some of his supporters, including Foreign Minister Manzur Qadir, who is an able constitutional lawyer, were disturbed that all this progress should take place while Pakistan was still under martial law. Since Soldier-President Ayub is at the peak of his popularity, urged Qadir, why not take a leaf from De Gaulle and get himself formally recognized as head of state? Already elections were being held to choose 80,000 local members of Ayub's "basic democracies' union councils" (TIME, Jan. 4). Let those delegates then vote by secret ballot "in respect of their confidence in the present President of Pakistan."

If the vote was yes, as everyone expected it to be, "it should be treated as a mandate for the President" to set up machinery to write a new Constitution, "and he should also be deemed to have been elected as President of Pakistan for the first term of office under the Constitution to be so made."

Ayub's Cabinet, meeting without him (but obviously at his bidding), approved this procedure last week, and Ayub then allowed that if this was how the vote turned out, he would be "pleased to accept."

LAOS

The Price of Peace

In his palace in steamy Vientiane one day last week, handsome King Savang Vatthana of Laos stared thoughtfully at a freshly opened cable from U.N. Secretary-General Dag Hammarskjöld. "I permit myself," wired Hammarskjöld, "to express the hope that the line of independent neutrality . . . will be firmly maintained." Twenty-four hours later, with full approval of the U.S. State Department, King Savang Vatthana quietly overthrew the "pro-Western" army group that fortnight ago tumbled the government of ex-Premier Phoui Sananikone (TIME, Jan. 11).

Behind this odd situation lay a cold-



John Lounsbury—Black Star
KING SAVANG VATTHANA
The West pushed out the pro-West.

eyed appraisal of power realities in Laos. In the crisis-ridden months that followed last summer's invasion of Laos by Red guerrillas from Communist North Viet Nam, Phoui Sananikone, 56, the Prime Minister, became painfully aware that the non-Lao tribesmen who make up nearly half of Laos' population had no loyalty to their six-year-old nation. To transform Laos into a reasonable facsimile of a functioning nation would take years of rural economic reform—and peace. Pro-Western as he was, Phoui concluded that Laos would not have such peace if it provoked trouble with its omnivorous neighbors, Communist North Viet Nam and Red China.

To the self-confident commanders of the Laotian army and the aggressive young Laotian politicians who call themselves the Committee for the Defense of the National Interest, Phoui's turn to neutralism was weak-kneed behavior. They agreed with Phoui's basic diagnosis, but not with his cure; they favored junta government, openly allied to the West. They had the full support of 52-year-old,

Paris-educated King Savang Vatthana, a shy Buddhist who took over the throne only last fall upon the death of his polygamous, *bon vivant* father (TIME, Nov. 9). Resenting his constitutional position as a national figurehead, the King worked behind the scenes with the army to drive out Phoui. He was sure that if Hanoi or Peking reacted violently, Western military aid would come pouring in.

Caviar & Chaos. But U.S. policymakers saw little profit in trying to make a free-zone bastion out of an isolated jungle nation whose government had so little popular support. The chaos left after Communist hit-and-run attacks amply bore out a U.N. report's blunt findings that massive aid to Laos (\$225 million from the U.S. since 1955) "has not so far achieved significant results." The Laotian army, on which 70% of the U.S. aid was spent, has shown itself an unimpressive fighting force; most of the rest of the U.S. money, instead of being used to finance rural economic development, has never got out of Vientiane, whose leading families have developed discriminating tastes in German cars, Scotch whisky, caviar and air-conditioning equipment.

Dag Hammarskjöld, seeing an opportunity to exert the U.N.'s tranquilizing influence, was quick to turn the U.S. dilemma to account. With U.S. blessing—and only *pro forma* Russian protests—Hammarskjöld, on his own, sent Finland's Sakari Tuomioja to provide a U.N. "presence" in Laos and to look into ways of bringing U.N. help to the Laotian economy. The unspoken condition of U.N. intervention—Laotian neutrality—struck the U.S. as a reasonable price to pay for peace in Southeast Asia.

The Ousted Winner. Thus when a handful of creaky Laotian tanks rumbled through Vientiane as symbols of an army coup, the four Western ambassadors—from the U.S., Britain, France and Australia—called jointly on King Savang Vatthana to make their disapproval clear.

Overnight, out went the military junta, in came a compromise civilian Cabinet headed by one of the King's aging advisers, 68-year-old Kou Abhay. It was, everyone in Vientiane delightedly agreed, a truly Laotian solution: though Phoui himself had been ousted, his neutralist policy, at least for the time being, had won.

NORTH VIET NAM

Homing Pigeons

The 50,000 Vietnamese refugees who fled from the French into Thailand in 1946 made friends easily enough with local Thai villagers, but they quickly wore out their welcome with the government in Bangkok. Clustered along the north-eastern frontier, which borders on Laos, in tight little communities of their own, the refugees clung fiercely to their own language, built their houses on the ground instead of on stilts as is the Thai custom, and kept their ears glued to the voice from home—Hanoi radio, with its tireless Communist propaganda. Soon Ho Chi Minh's agents from North Viet Nam

organized the refugees by means of a slickly efficient "invisible government," which controlled education among the Vietnamese, operated secret courts and even prescribed military training.

The Vietnamese refugees proved efficient farmers, carpenters and tailors, and won over their Thai neighbors through friendship clubs and by giving to the poor. When the Thai government nervously decided to move against this potential fifth column on its sensitive Laotian frontier, the local Thais themselves protested. Vietnamese women cut off their hair and wailed; children lay down in the highways to stop government trucks trying to haul Vietnamese out of the area.

Field Marshal Sarit Thanarat, after he seized full power in Thailand late in 1958, announced bluntly: "They must go, and they must go soon." But who would take the Vietnamese refugees? Laos did not want them. Neither did South Viet Nam's President Ngo Dinh Diem, who feared loss of face if the refugees—mostly northerners, and Communist-indoctrinated—should reject an invitation from him. At this point, North Viet Nam's Communist Boss Ho Chi Minh offered to take in the refugees. And after the usual hard bargaining, an agreement was reached between the Communists and Thailand's Anti-Communist government.

Belatedly alarmed, Ngo Dinh Diem sent "information teams" into northern Thailand to dissuade the refugees from choosing Communism, but few even showed up at Diem's neat little propaganda houses to hear his message. Last week the first 922 Vietnamese refugees boarded a ship in Bangkok for the five-day trip to Haiphong and North Viet Nam. Hanoi radio gloated over a striking propaganda victory: "Welcome to the fine sons and daughters of the nation, whose hearts yearn for their great leader Ho Chi Minh, who long to return home to join in the socialist construction."

SPAIN

Anarchist's End

Across the French border, a stocky, handsome Catalanian, his head wound in a woolen balacava against the biting Pyrenees winds, led a small band through a high mountain pass into Spain. Francisco Sabater had made the trip a hundred times before, and as always, he expected to arrive unannounced. But someone in France had talked, and Spanish policemen from Barcelona to the border—the "state troopers" of the *Guardia Civil*, city detectives, even village watchmen—were on the alert for him. For 20 years, Sabater had defied capture; for ten years he had ranked as France Spain's most wanted criminal.

For the stoutly independent Catalan people of his native province, the 44-year-old Sabater was a legend. A tough young leader in the anarchist movement, he fought in the Spanish Civil War with the Republican army until Barcelona fell and Franco subdued Catalonia. With other anarchist leaders, he escaped to France, set up a "school of terrorism" in Toulouse

to harass Franco. Sabater's specialty was training young recruits in bombmaking and commando tactics, then leading them on raids back into Spain.

The Old Fervor. Stripped of his patriotic cause, the terrorist in time becomes a bandit. As the years went by and hopes of upsetting Franco's regime faded, Sabater increasingly forayed across the border for his own profit. He robbed the homes of the well-to-do by night, banks by day, and always managed to shoot his way out of trouble, killing seven policemen in the process. At times, flashes of the old fervor would recur: in 1949 he planted bombs in the Brazilian, Peruvian and Bolivian



FRANCISCO SABATER

From terrorist, to bandit, to death.

consulates in Barcelona, because their governments supported Franco in a U.N. debate. So astonishing were his exploits that Barcelonians finally concluded that Sabater was a myth, a scapegoat invented by the police for all their unsolved crimes.

Franco's police knew better. As Sabater's little band made its way down into the Catalanian foothills, a small *Guardia Civil* force surrounded Sabater's men after they had stopped for the night in a farmhouse. Sabater shot his way out.

Stampede. Three days later near Gerona, dressed in a peasant "monkey suit" of blue cotton, Sabater knocked on the door of a poor farmer named Juan Salas. "Do you have anything to eat?" he asked. "No, nothing at all," replied Salas. Sabater handed 250 pesetas to the farmer's wife and said: "See if one of your neighbors can sell you something to eat. Eggs, anything." Sabater watched her carefully while she walked to a farmhouse half a mile away, then signaled the rest of the gang to come out of the brush and join him.

Later, as the bandits sat eating Señora Salas' potato omelets, a four-man *Guardia Civil* patrol stealthily surrounded the farmhouse and sat waiting for reinforcements. A barking dog alerted the bandits, and in the first exchange, two bullets caught Sabater in the foot and thigh. Sabater ordered Salas and his wife to safety in the attic, calmly dressed his own wounds with a first-aid kit he carried and, firing from windows, held off the green-uniformed policemen all afternoon. But troopers were converging on the farmhouse from every direction, and when darkness fell, the trapped bandit chief decided on a desperate gambit.

Carrying his Schmeisser submachine gun, a Colt .45 automatic, and a beltful of grenades, Sabater limped into the connecting barn and untied the cows. Then he exploded a grenade and ran out of the barn on the heels of the stampeding cattle. Simultaneously, the rest of the gang broke through the front door. Sabater alone made it through the crossfire. Reaching the police lines, he was challenged by the *Guardia Civil* lieutenant. Sabater coolly shot him dead and melted into the night.

No Place to Hide. Two days later, exhausted, his face covered with stubble, and his pants caked with dried blood, Sabater swung aboard a train headed for Barcelona, where he had friends and could hide out. He ordered the engineer not to stop until they got there. But, protested the engineer, the train had to switch to electrification at Massanet-Massanas. As the switch was made, Sabater leaped across to the new locomotive, warned the departing steam crew: "Reveal my presence and I'll kill you."

But Sabater knew they would have to. Working his way to the electric cab, he pointed his Schmeisser at the new engineers, asked if there were any place he could hide. No, was the answer: "Everything is full of high-tension wires." Sabater spotted their sausage-and-cheese lunches, avidly ate them. Then, as the train neared the next stop at San Celoni (pop. 5,000), Sabater ordered it slowed enough for him to drop off. He landed in San Celoni's cemetery.

As Sabater suspected, the police had been alerted by the steam crew, had turned San Celoni into an armed camp, even issued a submachine gun to the town watchman. But while police were still searching the train for him, the bedraggled, limping Sabater slipped through the police lines into town, walked up to a house, and asked the woman who answered his knock for a razor. She screamed and slammed the door. Next Sabater went into the barber shop, but the frightened barber refused to serve him. Then he tried an old civil-war comrade's house. The man was sympathetic but afraid to help. As the two argued outside the front door, Abel Rocha Sanz, the town watchman, walked up. Sabater saw his gun, pulled his own pistol and fired. Hit in the leg, Rocha fired an instant later, and Francisco Sabater, the last of Spain's great bandit-terrorists, took a full magazine of bullets in his head and body, and fell dead in the street.

THE HEMISPHERE



WE had to cut corners, but we did it," boasts Dick Clarage, manager of Clarages, the newest hotel on Jamaica's fashionable Montego Bay. "I knocked lunch off the menu, cut the plush stuff to the bone." By such economies, Clarage last week managed to offer the bargain rate of \$42 a day for a double room, and the tourists crowded in. This year, throughout the Caribbean, which is the U.S.'s favorite winter vacation land, tariffs are stiff and takers plentiful. More than 1,000,000 tourists will visit the area, spending \$260 million. "Good heavens, yes," said a Manhattan travel agent last week, "it's the biggest year ever—up 25%."

The hearty core of the crowd is made up of Miami Beach veterans, propelled farther south by their own growing prosperity and a taste for the new. With conspicuously unnecessary mink stoles in hand and taste buds braced for rum swizzles, they are descending in the greatest numbers on Puerto Rico (which expects a

300,000-tourist, \$50 million year), the Bahamas (260,000), Jamaica (200,000) and the Virgin Islands (180,000). And since they expect the new to be somewhat familiar, a gaudy burst of accommodations is going up to greet them.

Banana Daiquiris. In Jamaica, the 176-room Arawak Hotel, built just two years ago, is already outpaced by this year's Marrakech, which boasts 200 Grecian-style rooms with gold-tasseled pillows and family-sized sunken bathtubs; seven less flamboyant hotels will open in Jamaica this month. Off-the-track Ponce, on Puerto Rico's south coast, is finishing a new five-story, 170-room hotel of sweeping balconies and the standard airy grillwork. In the Bahamas, where hotel space is at a premium, buyers are snapping up cooperative apartments.

The annual competition for elaborate drinks is also on, with honors likely to go to Jamaica's new 128-bed Colony, which features a "mad concoction of rum, kirsch and fresh strawberries." The Virgin Islands offer nothing more inventive than a banana daiquiri, but at St. Thomas' new Black Patch Bar customers get a free, sequined pirate's eye patch to go with their drinks. In Puerto Rico's capital, San Juan customers are jamming Nicki's Downbeat Club, where the featured item on the menu is the "jazzwich," a sandwich of pastрами and corned beef.

Discovery Voyage. With the coming of the crowd, the more practiced set of Caribbean habitués has set off on a determined search for the undiscovered and the undiscovered—often to find that the undiscovered is jammed. Samples:

More than 80 airline flights a week touch down on Mérida, Yucatán, carrying tourists headed for the two luxury hotels in the area. The tourists, happily mixing fun and archaeology, take on arduous guided treks through the jungle to the splendid, empty Maya ruins of Uxmal (pop. 800 years ago: 160,000) and Chichén Itzá. Most talked-about features of the trip: the precipitous pyramids and a tour of a hall called "The Nunnery," adorned with a long row of phallic symbols. Also magnetic: a 60-ft.-deep well,



"THE NUNNERY" IN YUCATÁN
Undiscovered islands are jammed.

an astonishing hole in Yucatán's flat limestone cap, where (the guide says) the Mayans sacrificially drowned virgins laden with gold jewelry.

At La Parguera, a quiet (pop. 400), unspoiled Puerto Rican fishing village across the island from bustling San Juan, the dedicated fishermen staying at the small but first rate Villa Parguera set forth each dawn for handsome catches of tarpon, sailfish and marlin.

A weird bargain this year is Fidel Castro's Cuba, which rebates one-half of plane fares (cutting the round trip from New York to \$71.50) and slashes hotel rates so that \$14.95 buys three days and two nights with one fancy dinner and floor show. But guests must endure anti-U.S. sloganeering in a country that is armed to the teeth; a bellhop in the Hotel Nacional, proclaiming his loyalty to Castro, recently led two tourists to a broom closet and proudly showed them the sub-machine gun that he keeps there for emergencies. Most cruise ships have boycotted Havana, and the 26,000-ton M.S. *Italia* last week canceled all five stops there this season.

Some 130 miles away from tourist-packed Montego Bay, Canadian Biscuit Millionaire Garfield Weston next month opens without fanfare the 18 cottages that make up Frenchman's Cove, screened from the view of the vulgar by a wall of hand-cut stones lapped by a well-bred surf. Frenchman's Cove (formerly known as Fairy Hill) shuns advertising, carefully picks the guests who will occupy its limestone cottages, where the roofs are of copper and the furnishings run to mahogany and Dior blue. No car will pass the portals (but golf carts are furnished), and no umbrellas will be allowed to clutter the white sand beach where Princess Margaret once enjoyed an "unforgettable" picnic. "We want Mr. U.S. Steel to feel his house is his very own," explains Weston's son



Robert W. Kelley—LIFE
OCHO RIOS' ARAWAK
Family-sized bathtubs are full.

Granger, who is in charge. The chef has been imported from Weston's London department store and gourmet shop, Fortnum & Mason's. The tab: \$2,500 per couple for two weeks, after which, says Granger Weston, "they will forget about money entirely; everything they can think of will be on the house; a private plane, champagne for breakfast, anything."

¶ In Haiti, seasoned guests jam Port-au-Prince's Grand Hotel Oloffin, a ramshackle, gingerbread palace built in 1885 by onetime Haitian President Tiresias Sam and now run by a squat, moody French expatriate named Roger Coster, who married a Haitian girl, gave up freelance photography, moved to the island in 1948. Coster's rates are moderate (from \$24 a day double, with meals); his walls are lined with the world's best collection of Haitian primitive art, and his weekly

the Lesser Antilles, where the only attraction is a tropical rain forest and a quaint Dutch village set inside the crater of an extinct volcano. Said a tourist official in Trinidad, which is moving from the undiscovered to the popular class: "Our problem is not how we can promote tourism, but how we can control it."

THE AMERICAS

"A Great Joy"

Only two U.S. Presidents, Herbert Hoover and Franklin Roosevelt, ever made long tours of South America, and both trips yielded great dividends of good will. Hoover made his trip as President-elect, traveling by battleship (much against the wishes of outgoing President Calvin Coolidge, who tried to get him to go in a cruiser, because "it would not



PERU'S PRESIDENT LEGUÍA & HOOPER



BRAZIL'S PRESIDENT VARGAS & F.D.R.

Now it is Ike's turn to make the grand tour.

floor show, which he calls "a mélange of art and sex, satisfying to the soul and pleasing to the senses," stars the best folk singers and dancers in Haiti. The principal danger for tourists is Coster himself, who openly reviles the "Coca-Cola crowd" (budget-minded tourists), the "spaghetti" (most middle-aged matrons) and the "Martians" (cruise-ship visitors). But Coster will stay up all night with favored guests (Charles Addams, Gwen Verdon, Sir John Gielgud) telling tall tales and pouring free drinks.

Waiting List. Confident of the push of U.S. prosperity and growing leisure time, other islands up and down the Leeward and Windward group are waiting to be discovered. Land values on St. Croix in the Virgins have skyrocketed to \$10,000 a beachfront acre. The growing popularity of chartered yachts (which often cost less per person than first-class hotel rooms) is spreading the boom through the Desert Islands from Deadman's Chest to Fallen Jerusalem, from Great Ragged to Monks Island and the Witnesses.

Last week, while the stoles and diamond pinkies glowed and flashed at Montego Bay, stern-chinned U.S. tourists were also riding rowboats through the surf to Saba, a 5-sq.-mi. Dutch-owned dot in

cost so much"). His reception in Buenos Aires was so tumultuous that the Argentine President had his tailcoat ripped up the back. Hoover also journeyed into Ecuador, Peru, Brazil, Chile, Uruguay, met Bolivian government chiefs on a U.S. warship in the Pacific, was the target of an abortive bomb plot by anarchists in Argentina. During his trip, Hoover coined the historic phrase "good neighbors," and later he speeded the end of U.S. armed intervention in Latin America.

Franklin Roosevelt, who picked up the good-neighbor idea in his 1933 inaugural address, proposed an Inter-American Peace Conference in Buenos Aires three years later, and after his first re-election went (by cruiser) to open the meeting. F.D.R. breezed successfully through Brazil, Argentina and Uruguay, fell speechless only once, when a newsman asked him in hesitant English to relate "a small moral anecdote for the edification of the young." From aboard the U.S.S. *Indianapolis*, F.D.R. scribbled a hasty note to his wife: "You have been given a huge silver tea set by the Brazilian government, very old Brazilian hammered silver! And not at all bad looking. I really think the moral effect of the Good Neighbor Policy is making itself definitely felt."

Easy as ABC. Now it is President Eisenhower's turn to make the grand tour. He first spoke of the idea while flying to Acapulco last February to visit President Adolfo López Mateos; when he returned from his Europe-Asia-Africa trip last month and found Latin Americans complaining that the U.S. President had time for everyone but his neighbors, he decided definitely to go. Last week the itinerary was set (see NATIONAL AFFAIRS).

As the best places to visit in ten days, Ike chose the traditional ABC countries, Argentina, Brazil and Chile, plus neighboring Uruguay; among them, the four nations account for 50% of Latin America's people. Brazil, under destiny-conscious President Juscelino Kubitschek, is surging with a great industrial spree, marred by a possibly ruinous inflation. In Argentina, President Arturo Frondizi, sacrificing popularity and his oldtime leftist principles, is taking Argentina along the harsh, bitter road of hard work and self-denial, back from the handout, statist economics of Dictator Perón. In Chile, bachelor President Alessandri is trying to get Chile back to financial solvency by raising production and cutting away government deadwood. The runaway welfare state of Uruguay, pushed by Benito Nardone, a new face on its nine-man government council, is keeping its famed democracy while winning its way back to a sound economy.

"A Petty Reprisal." Bypassed nations showed vast disappointment. Urged Caracas' *Ultimas*: "There is still time for our diplomats to press their insistence so that he will touch Venezuelan territory." Peru summoned U.S. Ambassador Theodore Achilles to express official disappointment; unofficially, a Cabinet member called Ike's omission of Peru "a petty reprisal" for the stoning of Vice President Nixon in Lima in 1958.

From the chosen nations, the announcement of the trip brought high enthusiasm. "A great joy," said Rio's *O Jornal*; President Kubitschek predicted that the visit would "melt a pack of ice." In Buenos Aires, *La Nación* said: "We await his coming as confirmation of a changed U.S. policy toward Latin America."

CANADA

New Leader in Quebec

When Quebec's Strongman Maurice Duplessis died last September, he left to his lieutenants as a legacy the most powerful political machine Canada has ever known. His *Union Nationale* passed first to longtime heir apparent, Paul Sauvé. Last week—after Sauvé was cut down by a heart attack at 52—the *Union Nationale* went up for grabs among Duplessis' old lieutenants. By the time cigar smoke cleared, the party had weathered a Tammany brawl for the succession, and the big French Catholic Quebec province (pop. 5,000,000) had a new premier: Joseph Marie Antonio Barrette, 66, a Duplessis colleague for 23 years and Quebec's labor minister since 1944.

The party that Antonio Barrette takes over is not the same one Maurice Du-

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Tourist's Guide to British Money

(Take it with you when you go)



A PENNY is worth about one cent in U. S. currency, but is about twice as big. Twelve English pennies make a shilling. The rate of exchange is highly favorable today. You can actually spend two grand weeks in Britain for under \$200.



SIXPENCE. The silver sixpence is the equivalent of 7¢, and a delightful little coin it is. The slang word for sixpence is "tanner." Traveling by rail in Britain can cost less than 3¢ a mile. And bus travel works out at about 2¢ a mile.



SHILLING. Equal to 14¢. Twenty-one shillings make a "guinea," which is so aristocratic that there isn't a coin or banknote for it at all. You can do a lot with one shilling—tour Windsor Castle, see the Crown Jewels, or visit Hampton Court.



FLORIN. A two-shilling piece—28¢. The first florins were minted in Queen Victoria's reign and were known as "God-less florins," due to the omission of the usual Latin initials signifying "by the Grace of God" after the Queen's name.



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pléssis bequeathed. Where Duplessis endlessly battled Canada's federal government with the cry of provincial autonomy, Sauvé had already restored reason to Quebec's relations with Ottawa. He had also stolen the Liberal opposition's thunder by launching overdue reforms that would help shore the party for an expected spring election. His unexpected death after just 114 days in office set the *Union Nationale* adrift with no obvious leader, raised doubts whether the party could survive a struggle for power, and whether Sauvé's successors would carry on in the new pattern or revert to Duplessis' mossback ways.

Canadians watched with some foreboding as the *Union Nationale* ministers,



AP/WIDE

PREMIER BARRETTE
Stepping out of two shadows.

clearly split, closeted themselves in Quebec City's famed Château Frontenac hotel. Significantly, Duplessis' closest crony, Attorney General Antoine Rivard, faded fast as a candidate. In a deadlock between Montreal and Quebec City factions, Dark Horse Barrette, a Joliette (pop. 19,000) insurance broker who still carries a union card as a machinist, emerged as the compromise.

As labor minister, Barrette found his labor-baiting, domineering boss so difficult to get along with that for the last 21 months of the Duplessis regime Barrette ran his department from Joliette, virtually boycotted cabinet meetings. In his first words as premier, he identified himself with the Sauvé reforms, pledged himself to defend French Canada's historic stance "without rancor or pettifoggling." Under no illusion that he cast as large a shadow as Strongman Duplessis or the brilliant Sauvé, Barrette at least did not underestimate his office. "Someone once asked me what I thought of a certain Prime Minister of England," he said. "I replied that the Prime Minister of England is always great."



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Looking ahead.

The week brought a high concentration of notable high-number birthdays. In Bonn, West Germany's Chancellor **Konrad Adenauer** turned 84, talked and looked 20 years younger. In his Palais Schaumburg office, *der Alte* got congratulations and gifts, sipped German wine and, as one admiring newsmen neatly put it, stood through four hours of the celebration "straight as the No. 1." In Washington, both sides of the House of Representatives gushingly vied to pay tribute to Speaker **Sam Rayburn**, turning 78 and rolling into his 47th year in Congress, his 15th as Speaker. Before taking the annual flattery with a practiced shrug, Mr. Sam observed: "I've never been sick in my life. I never did feel bad. I feel good now. If I keep feeling like I do, I guess I'll stay around a long time." Down on his North Carolina farm, Poet **Carl Sandburg** turned 82, allowed that he is hard at work on some stories, more poetry and a second volume of his autobiography. At his home in the English village of Fording-

bridge, famed Sculptor-Painter **Augustus John**, looking slightly like a Dickensian rascal, contentedly chomped a cigar on his 82nd birthday, had great expectations of celebrating many more.

The New York Couture Group announced the supreme fashion leaders in its annual international poll to uncover the world's best-dressed women. Among the past year's chosen few: Britain's **Princess Alexandra**, **Nicole Alphonand** (wife of France's ambassador to the U.S.), Manhattan Social Lioness **Peggy Bancroft**, **Elizinha Moreira Salles** (wife of Brazil's ambassador to the U.S.), Monaco's **Princess Grace**, Paris-Palm Beach Hostess **Gloria Guinness**, Cinemactresses **Audrey Hepburn** and **Merle Oberon**. Four other ladies rustled their way into permanent niches in the stratospheric Fashion Hall of Fame in recognition of their "faultless taste in dress without ostentation or extravagance." The quartet with tenure, who will no longer have to fret about crashing

the list: Rome's **Countess Consuelo Crespi**, Detroit's **Mrs. Henry Ford II**, Manhattan-Palm Beach Socialite **Mrs. Winston Guest**, Manhattan's **Mrs. William Randolph Hearst Jr.**

When Marine General **David M. Shoup**, 55, took over as commandant of the corps at year's start, he announced: "My way of doing things is bound to be different. It's good to feel the grip of the plow in my hands!" To some marines who had merely anticipated a new broom, Plowman Shoup last week tossed some real earth cleavers. His general conclusion about the corps: "A worm has gotten into our apple." Example: "Some young lieutenants

* The previously elevated Hall of Fame fashionables: Britain's Queen Elizabeth II, the Duchess of Windsor, Mrs. William S. Paley (wife of CBS's board chairman), Countess Mona Bismarck (the ex-Mrs. Harrison Williams), Mme. Jacques Balsan (the former Consuelo Vanderbilt), Actresses Mary Martin, Irene Dunne, Claudette Colbert.



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spend endless hours scheming and planning their future promotion progress . . . If you're scheming right now how to get to Paris for your next tour, it's time to retire!" He also uncorked an opinion that any right-thinking marine would regard as tantamount to an order. It seems that swagger sticks are a pet peeve of General Shoup, who believes that "a clean, neat, well-fitted uniform with the Marine Corps emblem is tops . . . no need for gimmicks or gadgets." As for the swagger stick itself—in the corps a sort of sawed-off billiard cue (length: 2 ft.) that came into vogue during the commandancy (1952-56) of retired General Lemuel C. Shepherd Jr.—Shoup snapped: "It shall remain an optional item of interference. If you feel the need of it, carry it!" Thus was the alarm sounded for more spit, less polish. Around Washington and Quantico last week, few gadget-bearing marines ventured abroad.

Anxious to prove his talent for influencing people while not winning friends, peevish young (34) Novelist (*Messiah*) Playwright (*Visit to a Small Planet*) Scenarist (*Suddenly, Last Summer*) Gore Vidal voiced some searing opinions for the benefit of a New York Postman. Of fellow Playwright Arthur (*Death of a Salesman*) Miller: "A writer-cripple" who combines "pomposity and solemnity" with the "cult of feeling" to produce solutions abounding in "love and togetherness." Of fellow Playwright Archibald MacLeish and his Broadway hit, *J.B.*: "That portentous magnum of chloroform [Director] Elia Kazan so accurately broke across our collective brows, launching us upon a glum sea of anodyne." Of Dwight D. Eisenhower: "The Great Golfer—a latter-day Robert Benchley, constantly fumbling out the apology, 'I'm no expert, but—' . . . Eight more years of boredom like the last eight years and I may very well take out Honduran citizenship."

At London Airport a colonial undersecretary turned to Britain's former Tory Colonial Secretary, Alan Lennox-Boyd, patted his shoulder reassuringly and said: "Have you heard about the Maori chief who claimed he was Scottish by absorption? Who knows, you may find some of your relatives out there!" Soon Sir Alan was winging off with Lady Patricia to the South Seas and, he hoped, the solution of a 108-year-old family mystery. In 1851 Lennox-Boyd's great uncle, Benjamin Boyd, a wealthy London broker turned sea rover, rowed off from his yacht *Wanderer* for a spot of hunting on one of the Solomon Islands. He never returned to his ship, which at length sailed without him. Recalled Sir Alan: "One report said he was popped into a cooking pot by cannibals on the island." He shuddered. "A somewhat sticky end." But another old tale hints that Uncle Ben may have met a less sticky end much later. About 20 years after he vanished, some Australian sailors saw a red-haired white man, happy as a kookaburra, scampering along the beach with a party of gleeful natives.



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Into the Trench

Sixty miles southeast of Guam, the Navy's bathyscaphe *Trieste* (TIME, Sept. 1, 1958) settled slowly below the rolling sea. In the small, thick-shelled crew compartment were Lieut. Donald Walsh and Swiss Scientist Jacques Piccard (son of the bathyscaphe's inventor, Auguste Piccard). At 24,000 ft. (more than 4½ miles) below the surface, the *Trieste* touched the greatest depth ever reached by man.

Final target of *Trieste* and her crew is the Marianas Trench, which runs east of

sensitive enough to verify it completely. Last week its most basic concept triumphantly passed the most rigorous test yet.

Crucial in the theory of relativity is the nature and behavior of light. In the 19th century, the prevailing idea was that light is a wave motion, and therefore needs a medium to travel in, as sound waves travel in air. Since light passes unhindered through vacuums, including the vacuum between the stars and the earth, 19th century scientists were driven to postulate a "luminiferous ether," which filled all space. It offered no resistance to the

ratus was crude by modern standards, but theoretically sensitive enough to detect this degree of change. No such effect was found. Light seemed to move at the same speed in all directions, regardless of the ether wind. So scientists had to abandon the concept of the luminiferous ether. Light had nothing to travel in, and therefore could not be simple waves. Worse yet, the scientists were left with nothing by which they could measure absolute motion. For awhile man seemed to have lost his bearings in the universe.

Rescue by Theory. In 1905 Al'ert Einstein announced his Special Theory of Relativity, and rescued physics from the confusion into which it was thrown by loss of the ether. In the new world of Einstein, the speed of light itself was established as the only dependable constant. Thus, to an observer, the speed of light would remain the same, whether the observer was approaching the light's source or speeding away from it. With light doing duty as the universe's basic constant, the ether was no longer needed as a theoretical frame of reference.

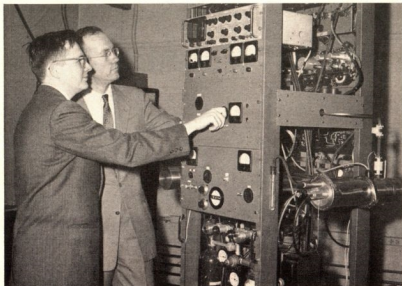
But it was a difficult concept, which even today few laymen and not all scientists fully comprehend. Furthermore, measuring the speed of light is so difficult that the Michelson-Morley experiment and its successors left a nagging possibility that when better apparatus was developed, it might yet detect some trace of an ether wind.

Maser Measure. Then, in 1954, Professor Charles H. Townes of Columbia University invented the ammonia maser. The maser is a device in which ammonia molecules are subjected to electrical excitation, giving off radio microwaves of accurately known frequency. If any sort of ether exists, these waves (which move at the same speed as light) should seem to change their frequency slightly when they are moving against a wind of ether caused by the earth's motion.

In 1958, assisted by John Cedarholm of International Business Machines, Dr. Townes set up his ether-hunting apparatus in IBM's Watson Laboratory at Columbia. Two masers were arranged so that they shot their microwaves in opposite directions. As the masers (and the lab) swung with the turning earth to align the waves first with the direction of the earth's motion around the sun and then against it, any ether wind should have shown as an easily detected difference of frequency. But the recording pen never wavered.

To eliminate all possible chance for error, the tests were repeated for a year while the earth completed a trip around its orbit. This allowed for the slight possibility that motion of the solar system as a whole might somehow mask the effect of an ether wind. Still the masers showed no change of frequency.

Last week Professor Townes was satisfied. He announced that his apparatus could easily have detected an ether effect even if the earth were moving on its orbit at only one-thousandth the speed it actually travels. Relativity, he concluded, is on firm ground.



DRS. CEDRIKHOLM & TOWNES WITH MASER
Man found his bearings.

Columbia University

Guam and is believed to include the deepest place in the earth's oceans, about 37,000 ft. below the surface. To cruise into this fearful place, seven miles below the sunlight, where the pressure reaches 16,000 lbs. per square inch, is no mere stunt. No submarine today can cruise at bathyscaphe depths, but it may be desirable some time to build one that can. Long before that time comes, the Navy intends to be skilled in bathynavigation.

For geophysicists, the ocean trenches are some of the most interesting places on earth. A well-supported theory holds that the trenches are places where the earth's crust is being sucked slowly into the depths by currents in the plastic inner material. When *Trieste* has penetrated the Marianas Trench and studied its rugged bottom, her reports may explain the origin not only of the earth's ocean depths but also of its mountains.

Proof for Einstein

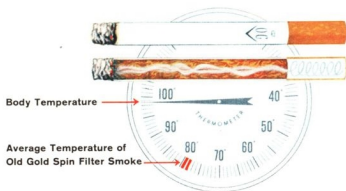
Einstein's theory of relativity was one of the giant leaps of the human intellect. So impressive was it that for years most physicists have accepted it as the fundamental law of the universe, even though no one had devised methods or machines

motions of stars or planets, but carried light waves with perfect efficiency.

Ether Wind. The ether had another useful property: it was presumed to be motionless, and therefore it provided the basic frame of reference from which all motions were measured. A star, for instance, could be said to be moving so many miles per hour through the ether. When the earth swung around its orbit, it moved through the ether too, creating an "ether wind" blowing past it.

In 1887 Albert A. Michelson and Edward W. Morley tried to measure this ether wind. Their idea was to measure the speed of light (186,000 miles per second) against the speed of the earth's motion on its orbit around the sun (18.5 miles per second). They set up their apparatus, an affair of many mirrors, in a lab in a downtown Cleveland building. Once a day the earth's rotation aligned the apparatus with the earth's path around the sun. If there were an ether wind, the light flashing across their lab floor should be slowed by 18.5 miles per second. Twelve hours later, the apparatus would be moving in the direction opposite to the earth's orbital motion, and light's speed should have been increased by the same amount. The appa-

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RELIGION

Relative Route to Absolute

Racial segregation should be continued in the Methodist Church for the foreseeable future, a 75-member Methodist commission reported last week. There was no minority dissent to the report, which was based on four years of study and hearings in 24 cities. Moreover, leaders of the 360,000 Methodist Negroes (out of the 10 million total membership) agreed with the decision.

The reason for this extraordinary state of affairs lies in the special way the Methodists set up their regional structure in 1939, when Northern and Southern branches of the church—split like most large church groups during the Civil War—united to form a single denomination. U.S. Methodism was then divided into five regional jurisdictions, each almost en-

tegration now would turn Methodist Negroes into "a hopeless minority." But he added: "Eventually, the Central Jurisdiction is doomed. It will go one way or another. It's the trend of the times."

Methodism's leading liberal, Washington's Bishop G. Bromley Oxnam, agreed. "I am personally opposed to the Central Jurisdiction and always have been," he said. "But I believe we move to the absolute by way of the relative."

The Jews of the Andes

The tiny Arauca Indian village of Chimpay perches high and inaccessible in the Patagonian Andes, on the border between Argentina and Chile, and the Seventh-day Adventist missionary who made his way up to it one day in 1935 must have rejoiced to be bringing religion to so remote a cranny of the world. He could

millennium of suffering for having forsaken Jehovah and were soon to return to Zion to await the coming of the Messiah. The Araucanians observed Jewish dietary laws, feast and fast days, separated men and women for worship, even broke down their tribe into classic biblical castes. They elected a leader, one Luis Bravo, who met biblical qualifications: strong, healthy, married, with at least one son. And though they did not call themselves Jews, but members of the "Israel Church of the New Covenant," they yearned for contact with real Israelites.

One evening in 1948 Luis Bravo tuned in Chimpay's one battered radio and heard electrifying news—the prophecy was confirmed. The State of Israel had been founded. From that moment on, the Indians of Chimpay burned with a single hope: to reach the Promised Land to wait for the Messiah.

Luis Bravo journeyed to Buenos Aires and called at the Israeli consulate, which cold-shouldered him so efficiently that he went back to Chimpay discouraged. But one day in 1954, a wonderful rumor reached the village: a ship with the Messiah himself aboard had landed at Buenos Aires to transport the children of Israel to the Promised Land. Almost all the people in Chimpay sold their possessions to the few who stayed behind and trekked to Buenos Aires, 1,300 miles away.

"And All Together." There was no ship, but there was no turning back either. Silent, the Indians waited at the Israeli consulate to be told again and again that the immigration laws made it all but impossible for non-Jews to go to Israel and settle there as immigrants. At the Buenos Aires rabbinate, they were told that they could not become Jews by mass conversion. But they built themselves adobe huts at the village of Carlos Spezzazzini some 30 miles from the city, found jobs as masons and carpenters, and took turns sitting impassively in the waiting rooms of the consulate and rabbinate.

At last, Argentina's Board of Rabbis told them that before they could become Jews they would have to learn Hebrew and Talmudic laws—seemingly impossible, since only a handful of them could read or write. But Leader Bravo went off to the Israel-Argentine Cultural Institute and hired a teacher, 29-year-old Hebrew Professor Schloime Lerner.

For almost two years, fair-haired, blue-eyed Professor Lerner has motored out to Carlos Spezzazzini to teach the Indians two nights a week and all Sunday afternoon. "Faith can do wonders," he exclaimed last week. The Indians were proficient in Hebrew, knew the Talmud by heart, and had finally received permission from the Grand Rabbinate in Israel to make individual conversions to Judaism.

Teacher Lerner brought them the good news himself. Assembled in a bare hall, some 60 Indians of the Andes listened without a word, then at a sign from Bravo they began to pray aloud. Only after the prayer was ended did they speak. "We are grateful," said one of the oldest. "But we must think hard and perhaps



LUIS BRAVO (THIRD FROM LEFT) & WOULD-BE ISRAELITES
No ship and no Messiah, but no turning back.

Francisco Vera

tirely white, and one so-called Central Jurisdiction overlapping them all, and exclusively Negro. But this segregation brought some advantages for Negro Methodists in terms of representation and influence in the church. The Central Jurisdiction elects its own bishops and has equal representation on national councils. Thus Negroes cut far more Methodist ice than would otherwise be the case; there are four Negro Methodist bishops in the Central Jurisdiction, for instance, while the theoretically nonsegregated Protestant Episcopal Church in the U.S.A. has none at all in the continental U.S.

"To legislate the immediate elimination of the Central Jurisdiction," said the report, "would be harmful to the church and especially disastrous to Negro Methodists." Attorney Charles C. Parlin, a vice president of the National Council of Churches, who headed the commission, believes that

only have been amazed at what he found: a community of Indians who had no Bible and could not read it if they had, although they observed the Sabbath and knew much of Moses' teaching. He settled among them for several months, pieced together the origin of their biblical belief. A group of Peruvian Jews from Lima fled the Inquisition some time in the 16th century, crossed half a continent and settled in the Patagonian mountains; there they had taught their faith and observances to Indian farm hands.

The Prophecy. When the unknown Seventh-day Adventist climbed down the mountain, he left some Bibles in Chimpay, and the Indians began to study the Torah and live by it. Eleven years later, a Chilean Jew named Santiago Martinez visited Chimpay, gave the Indians real instruction in Judaism, and told them that the children of Israel had completed their



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Washington Wizard for Federal Employees

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wait longer. What if just a few are elected? What if a family is broken up, and husband leaves wife, or children leave parents?"

There was still no word about how many of the 150 new Jews would actually be allowed into Israel, but Luis Bravo said: "Surely the Lord cannot wish that sacred family ties be cut. We will go to Israel, and all together."

Lapsing Latin America

The Roman Catholic Church is losing ground fast among its 168 million members in Latin America—close to one-third of all the Catholics in the world. This is the considered opinion of a Belgian Jesuit sociologist who has spent the last three years in Chile, is now director of the School of Sociology of Chile's Catholic Pontifical University. The church's difficulties, says the Rev. Roger E. Vekemans in the weekly *Ave Maria*, began in the 19th century after the Latin American countries achieved independence from Spain and Portugal and thus were thrown open to such influences as Protestantism, spiritism and plain materialism.

The materialism of modern technological civilization has been especially serious in Latin America because of the nature of Spanish Catholicism. "Traditionally, Spanish Catholicism has been highly spiritual, almost mystic. It has never been, as we could put it, an 'Incarnation Catholicism'—it has never been very concerned with man's life in this world." The greatest danger to the church is not from Communism, Protestantism or spiritism as such, but from a Catholicism that is notably "weak in confronting modern progress . . . Since Hispanic Catholicism doesn't seem to be able to make the continent suitable for normal human life, and since, despite the papal encyclicals, the social situation in Latin America is one of the worst in the world, it is quite obvious that the people of Latin America look for other solutions." One of the solutions, particularly for "the lower, lower class": rapidly growing Protestantism (there are some 5,000,000 Protestants in Latin America today).

What can the Catholic Church do about the situation? First of all, more priests are needed. "We have 30,000 priests in Latin America for some 180 million people. To have here a sound proportion between priests and Catholic people (about one priest for 600 Catholics) as we have it almost all over the States and in many countries of Europe, we would need 200,000 more priests in Latin America."

Meanwhile, the population is rising faster and faster. Within 40 years, "if the Church loses Latin America, she loses one-half of her worldwide population. And that could be a crisis within the Church even more serious than the Oriental Schism or the Protestant Reformation." To get more priests, says Father Vekemans, there must be "a big movement of the Catholic countries all over the world toward Latin America. In other words, we have to see Latin America as a real mission territory—the mission territory of our century."

No Smiles for Cain

The Vatican was not happy about Nikita Khrushchev's glad-handing barnstorm through the U.S., opposed the proposed (and now postponed) trip of Italy's President Giovanni Gronchi to Russia. Last week tough-minded, conservative Alfredo Cardinal Ottaviani, secretary of the Congregation of the Holy Office, took the occasion of a Mass before a group of refugees from Communist countries to deliver some hard words.

"No one desires peace more than you who have felt the lacerations of war," he said. "[But] just as Cain cannot murder Abel without protest, as entire nations

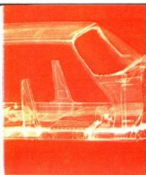


James Whitmore—Life
CARDINAL OTTAVIANI

"Can we consider any distention?"

cannot be held in slavery with no one taking the part of the oppressed, so one cannot speak of true peace, but only of acquiescence and coexistence with the murderer . . . But [some] still stretch out their hands to the new Antichrists and even race to see who can first shake hands with them and exchange sweet smiles . . . Can a Christian confronted by one who massacres Christians and insults God smile and flatter? Can a Christian opt for alliance with those who prepare for the coming of the Antichrist in countries still free? Can we consider any distention when the face of Christ once more is spat upon, crowned with thorns and slapped?"

Shortly after Cardinal Ottaviani's blast, the Vatican newspaper *L'Osservatore Romano* was out with a condemnation of all groups and movements which have supported Marxism, thereby raising some troubling questions for Christian Socialist and Social Democratic parties. "Even socialism opposed to Communism," declared *L'Osservatore*, "cannot be reconciled with the profession of Catholicism. Nobody can be a good Catholic and a true Socialist at the same time."



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SHOW BUSINESS

BROADWAY

Missed Cues

Even after a coroner's verdict of accidental death, show business gossip ran on. The overdose of barbiturates that killed Actress Margaret Sullivan (*TIME*, Jan. 11) fitted too neatly into a pattern of eccentric behavior: departure from a Broadway show because of "ill health," the TV performance canceled at the last moment because she did not "feel up to the part." But last week it was Margaret who released a tragic explanation of her behavior. By leaving her temporal bones (which include the inner and middle ear) to the cause of medical research on deafness, she gave away a secret that she had lived and suffered with for more than a decade: Actress Sullivan had gradually grown hard of hearing.

Maggie Sullivan's difficulty probably existed for a great deal longer than she was willing to admit. "It didn't seem to affect her at home," says her husband, Kenneth Wagg. "Most people take years before they finally tell themselves or a doctor that they're getting deaf," says famed Ear Surgeon Julius Lempert, to whom Maggie went for help early in 1948. By that time she had lost 40% of the hearing in her left ear, 35% of the hearing in her right. "Deafness," says Dr. Lempert, "was the explanation of her often strange behavior." It made her apprehensive about missing cues, says he. "Consciously or unconsciously, she developed that deep voice in order to hear what she was saying." Combined with her unpredictable tensions, the problems caused by her increasing deafness pushed tired nerves to the painful edge of endurance.

Dr. Lempert's delicate fenestration operation, which opens a new window through which sound can be communi-

cated to the inner ear (*TIME*, April 1, 1948), restored the left ear to 80% hearing. But though the right ear grew slowly worse, Maggie kept her secret from all but a few close friends. Then, two years ago, she went to Dr. Greydon Boyd, had a different type of operation. This was an effort to jar loose the locked bones of her right ear. While she worked on her last show, *Sweet Love Remember'd*, Maggie Sullivan was still sitting out the waiting period which would determine the operation's permanent success. Her plans for the future, insists Dr. Lempert, were not those of a woman bent on suicide. The very fact that she died with a script of *Sweet Love Remember'd* beside her suggests, says he, that she was still fighting against her deafness. "She was probably trying to memorize lines of the other characters so she wouldn't be caught missing a cue."

NIGHTCLUBS

Storyteller

On Mondays a grand and gentle countrywoman drives her station wagon south out of hill-and-meadow farmland. Half an hour or so from her 30-acre estate in Chatham, N.Y., she crosses the outer trenches of Commuterland and hums down the Taconic State Parkway toward Manhattan. Nightclub Singer Mabel Mercer is headed for the East 50s, a neighborhood that has cloistered her special talent for nearly 20 years.

At work in the King Arthur Room, a Broadway-Tudor subdivision of a jazz nightclub called the Roundtable, 59-year-old Mabel Mercer sits with uncompromising posture on the edge of a straight-backed chair, and sings in a style that is studied and admired throughout her profession. Composers sometimes write expressly for her because they know that her interpretation will set a pattern that does service to the song, and a record of Mabel Mercer singing a French ballad is a fixed and required element in every performance of Gian Carlo Menotti's opera *The Consul*. Other singers—Margaret Whiting, Kay Starr, Peggy Lee, even the Metropolitan Opera's Eileen Farrell—go back and back again to wonder at the sexless, passive, unembellished Mercer style that goes straight to the heart of a lyric.

Yet her voice is notably undistinguished. "I used to have a soprano," she recalls. "Now it's just a noise. People say 'Why, she can't sing for toffee.' I say I know that—I'm telling a story." What she does have is manner. She is authentic—a natural and commanding talent with a patrician air.

Revived Partridge. Musical playwrights love her because she picks through old shows that did not quite make it, to find songs that can stand on their own, also hunts for good songs deleted from shows before they reached Broadway, e.g., *From This Moment On*, originally a number in Cole Porter's *Kiss Me Kate*. Songstress Mercer also took *The Twelve Days of*



SONGSTRESS MERCER
A melodic manner.

Walter Doran

Christmas, a carol from the Middle Ages, introduced it to her audiences, and helped bring the partridge in the pear tree back to life.

Mabel Mercer's talent rests easily on her famed diction, which comes forth in unruffled English inflections. Born in Burton-on-Trent, Staffordshire, England, she is the daughter of a Negro father who died before her birth and a white mother who was a vaudeville singer and actress. At 14, leaving a Manchester convent school, she joined her mother and stepfather in a touring family act; after World War I, she moved off to Paris on her own, sang for expatriate crowds at Ruban Bleu, Chez Florence and other Paris spots. In the '30s she settled down for an eight-year stand at Bricktop's on the Rue Pigalle.

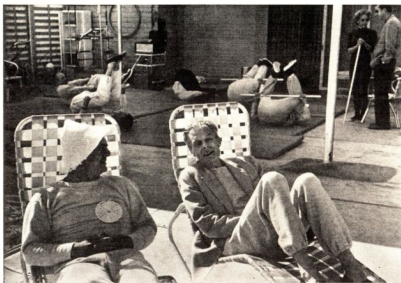
Long Stands. Mabel Mercer spent the early years of World War II in the Bahamas, tried several times to get U.S. entry papers. Finally Kelsey Pharr, an American Negro musician much her junior, helpfully volunteered to marry her, and got her into the States (they are still nominally man and wife but do not live together); she became a U.S. citizen in 1952. In Manhattan, long stands once again became her habit. She spent six months at the old Ruban Bleu, then put in seven years at Tony's. In 1949, Tony's was leveled by a wrecking company to make room for a parking lot, and for the next five years she stayed put in the Byline Room, followed that with a two-year engagement at RSVF.

In March, after she finishes her special eight-week (\$8,000) appearance at the Roundtable, Singer Mercer goes off on a coast-to-coast nightclub tour, her first in the U.S. "I'm dying to see what the country looks like," she says. Meanwhile, as the country gets a look at her, she has no expectations of triumph. "People have to hear me two or three times before they like me," Mabel Mercer admits. "I grow on them like a barnacle."



ACTRESS SULLIVAN
A tragic explanation.

Friedman-Abeles



HEALTH SEEKERS BACKUS & HUXLEY
Missing from the menu: carp's intestines.

Bill Bridges

HOLLYWOOD

After Many a Summer . . .

"Come on, my graceful nymphs," cooed a leotarded physical culture-vulture named Anne Marie Bennstrom. The "nymphs" who heaved into action at her command were a score of Hollywood refugees, ranging from Novelist and sometime Scriptwriter Aldous Huxley (6 ft. 4 in., 143½ lbs.), who looked like a long, gaunt crane, to 341-lb., 6 ft. 2½ in. Actor Victor Buono, who looked like a healthy hippo. As they puffed around the swimming pool to the recorded strains of the *River Kwai March* or splashed through the "Balinese Water Dance" to the tune of the *Volga Boatman*, they were all pursuing the traditional Hollywood ideal of a wealthy mind in a healthy (or at least good-looking) body.

Scene of their exertions: the Golden Door, a sort of rich woman's Vic Tanny, which last week opened its \$300-a-week rooms, whirlpool baths and scented steam chambers to men. All week, the youth seekers submitted to facials, manicures, pedicures, aromatic oilings, honey packs and pummeling by a benevolently mechanical Iron Maiden. Actor Jim (*Mr. Magoo*) Backus, 46, his intricate schedule pinned to his sweatshirt, worked up special enthusiasm for lip-stretching, wrinkle-reducing maneuvers that pulled his mouth from ear to ear. Actor and Health Faddist Robert Cummings, 50, gyrated in a wild tangle with Boy Scout staves.

Over it all hovered Golden Door Keeper Edmund Bordeaux Szekely (pronounced Saykay), a bald, round-bellied Transylvanian who obviously shuns his own exercises. Entrepreneur Szekely is a sometime archaeologist, philosopher, biochemist and author (he claims 60 books). By his own admission, he speaks 14½ languages, the 50% lingo being English. His cosmetics, says he grandly, are drawn from history,

e.g., General Potemkin's letters taught him the oils used by Catherine the Great (Siberian fir needles, hay, geranium and lilac), and Anne Marie's exercises are supposedly based on a calisthenics drill devised by Leonardo da Vinci. "It is not a lesser masterpiece than his *Mona Lisa*."

Author Huxley, 65, was one of the few guests seeking rejuvenation by trying not to lose weight but to gain it. At one point he started to giggle under his mudpack, and Anne Marie warned sternly: "Don't laugh. If you do, it cracks." Just possibly, what Huxley was laughing at was the fact that, amid all the scented oils and raw vegetable lunches, no one thought of trying Huxley's own recipe for longevity set forth in his famed satirical novel, *After Many a Summer Dies the Swan*. The recipe: a steady diet of carp's intestines.

SHOW TALK

Waifs, Whiffs, Etc.

¶ Two sequined waifs showed up in Philadelphia's Orphans' Court. Singer Frankie Avalon, 19, said his guardian needed approval to spend \$12,373 from the kid's estate for assorted expenses. The inimitable Fabian, 16, needed \$38,392. It costs a lot of wampum to be Fabian, his guardian explained. He can't go to school (girls scream and wail as he walks down the corridors), so he has to pay two private tutors \$10 an hour. Moreover, the Fab is taking singing lessons that are worth like 60 years of analyst's fees.

¶ Representative Oren Harris' House investigating subcommittee hired a new staff secretary, Mrs. Elizabeth G. Paola (pronounced payola).

¶ Following the fantastic international tumbler of drum beating, which caused Stanley Kramer's *On the Beach* to open simultaneously in 18 cities, including Melbourne, Moscow, London, Paris, Tokyo and Washington, the drums are now being

carried right into the jungle. To Dr. Albert Schweitzer, Lambaréné, Gabon Republic (French Equatorial Africa) went a special 16-mm. print of *On the Beach* for his 85th-birthday celebration this week.

¶ In Chicago, four weeks after the competing *AromaRama* opened in New York, Mike Todd Jr. finally uncorked his own Smell-o-Vision film. Something less than an attempt to go around the world in 80 whiffs, *Scent of Mystery* is a whodunit that lacks coherent narrative, is little more than a pastiche of festival scenes, falls on its nose.

¶ In Tuskegee, Ala., birthplace of Tuskegee Institute (for Negroes), the Macon Theater had the last word in separate but equal cinema. The separate ticket offices, separate entrances, and separate concessions were old as midnight popcorn, but there was an added feature: a ceiling-to-floor partition, running down the middle of the auditorium. There were 324 seats on the white side and 336 seats on the colored side. Up front: two separate but equal silver screens.

¶ Hugh Carleton Greene, 49, brother of Novelist-Playwright Graham Greene, took over as director general of the British Broadcasting Corp., replacing 60-year-old Sir Ian Jacob. Going from Oxford to Fleet Street in 1933, Carleton Greene was a *Daily Telegraph* correspondent until 1940, when he joined BBC to wage psychological warfare. BBC staffers are confident that their new 6½ ft. "D.G." is the man to hold up the BBC side in 1964, when the BBC's charter and the mandate of the ITV commercial network both expire.

¶ Two famed TV shows, Ford's coast-to-coast *Starline* and WNTA's New York-area *Play of the Week*, found their material last week in old Broadway melodramas about psychopathic killers (scarf-strangling variety). On a \$38,000 budget *Play of the Week* presented a chilling, full-length production (two hours) of Alexander Knox's *The Closing Door*, excellently played by Dane Clark and Kim Hunter. With some \$200,000, NBC's *Starline* presented Audie Murphy in an hour-long condensation of Mel Dinelli's *The Man*, worked up little interest and no suspense. Meanwhile, pointing a TV moral, Producer Hubbell Robinson went on feasting on his overall \$15 million budget for 39 *Starline* hours, but WNTA's *Play of the Week* was fighting for its life. Despite its record of first-rate drama (TIME, Dec. 14), *Play of the Week* is not finding enough sponsor support and may soon disappear.

¶ Chicago TV Manufacturer Ulises A. Sanabria (deForest receivers) took an ad in the *Sun-Times* to say that it is "un-American and unsportsmanlike" for other set manufacturers to market remote control gadgets that make it easy for a TV viewer to kill the sound when a commercial goes on the air (some 2,500,000 "blab-offs" are now in operation in the U.S.). Adding that the public ought to be grateful to the advertisers who pay for the shows, Sanabria included coupons for people to send to their Congressmen, urging that all remote control cutoffs be outlawed.

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THE PRESS

The Old Caricature

Over the last few years, the liberal Democratic image of Vice President Richard M. Nixon as a jowly, blue-jawed villain with a ski-jump nose has receded in the light of his growing stature and achievements. But last week, as the campaign year began, the old image popped up again—and from a predictable source.

The source was the Washington *Post's* hard-hitting editorial cartoonist, Herbert Lawrence Block, 50, whose graphic commentaries on the national scene often cut as if they were drawn with a razor. Laid up since his heart attack last September, Herblock returned to duty, and with his first cartoon—a slashing assault on Nixon—set the style for the liberal Democrats' 1960 campaign (see cut). By an irony of timing, the caricature of Nixon as a monstrous male witch (in the past, Herblock has shown him as a sewer rat, a fanged beast and a gutter habitué) ran in the New York *Post* the same day that Nixon was receiving widespread praise elsewhere for his part in settling the steel strike.

Completing the Team

In a set of carefully prepared statements, the New York *Herald Tribune* (circ. 347,490) last week announced a shift in editorial command. Out as executive editor and top-ranking man on the news side: George A. Cornish, 58, a *Tribune* veteran of 37 years, taking the title with him. In as the paper's new managing editor and vice president: Fendall Winston Yerxa, 46, the *Trib's* city editor for three years before he left the city room on 41st Street.

Behind this corporate maneuver lay a story somewhat deeper and, to veteran *Trib* staffers, more meaningful than a routine change at the top. More than any other man at the *Trib*, unobtrusive, unassuming and adaptable George Cornish represented the paper's last important link with its past. Cornish's tenure spans four *Tribune* administrations, from the late Ogden M. Reid, who inherited the paper from his father in 1912 and ran it until his death in 1947, to John Hay Whitney, U.S. Ambassador to the Court of St. James's, who has been owner since 1958.

Between Times & News. With Ogden Reid's death, the *Tribune* fell into decline. It was—and still is—a good newspaper, but it is caught between the towering *Times* (circ. 614,160) and the popular *Daily News* (circ. 2,026,850). In the inexperienced hands of Reid's inheritors it steadily lost position, revenue and prestige. When "Jock" Whitney's millions acquired this ailing property, the staff hopefully looked in George Cornish's direction for leadership: he was the one man who had patiently weathered all the storms between stability and decline.

For a while it looked as if Cornish was the man; a year ago, Publisher Whitney put him in charge. But within months, without advising Cornish, Whitney reached



"MIRROR, MIRROR, ON THE WALL,
WHO'S THE FAIREST ONE OF ALL?"

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HERBLOCK'S NIXON

Time to slash.

out to Mexico, Mo., to bring in Robert M. White II, 44, publisher of the Mexico *Ledger*, as editor and president of the *Herald Tribune*. Said newly appointed Editor White: "George didn't know I was coming until just before I came." When Cornish heard of it, he submitted his resignation, conscientiously volunteered to stay on until Whitney found a successor. While he waited, Whitney and White shopped, and the already unsteady morale in the *Trib* city room slumped to a new low, as uncertainty took a steady toll.

No More Talk. The Whitney-White choice, Fendall Yerxa, is a tall (6 ft. 4 in.), lean and dedicated career journalist, who broke into the game a year after



Harry A. Lemmon—Wilmington Morning News
THE TRIB'S YERXA

Time to do.

Hamilton College on the now-defunct Minneapolis *Journal* in 1938, went to the *Herald Tribune* postwar as a reporter after a four-year combat hitch as a Marine Corps officer. He was raised to city editor in 1952, left the paper in 1955 to become executive director of the Wilmington *Morning News* and *Journal-Every Evening* (combined circ. 101,468), both owned by Christiana Securities Co., a Du Pont holding company. With Yerxa's return to the *Trib*, the new top management team is complete—a fact that may calm some of the jitters in the city room.

Getting ready for his return, Yerxa promised no revolution: "I won't be going to New York with any panaceas or foregone conclusions." But he suggested that he would take with him what the *Trib's* editorial helm has sorely lacked: "The *Trib* does not need any more talk about what it is going to do. The thing it needs is demonstration."

Turkey: Premier v. Press




One day last week in Istanbul, the portals of Uskudar prison snapped shut on Sahap Balciglu, editor and publisher of *Kim* (Who), a Turkish weekly newsmagazine. Barring commutation of his sentence, which is unlikely, Balciglu will spend the next 16 months in Uskudar. Editor Balciglu is only one of the several thousand newsmen who, over the last six years, have felt the mighty wrath of Turkey's Premier Adnan Menderes, 60.

The battle between the Premier and the press goes back to 1954, when Menderes was the target of a heavy fire from Turkish journalists critical of his administration. Enraged, the Premier ordered the Grand National Assembly to pass stringent new laws to control newsmen. Since then, nearly 900 have been found guilty—some of them two and three times—and sentenced to terms ranging up to three years. The list of arrests grows weekly: last week, besides collaring Balciglu, police stood silently by at Istanbul's airport when Ahmet Emin Yalman, dean of Turkish journalists and editor-publisher of the daily *Vatan* (Nation), arrived from a trip to Pakistan to put his affairs in order before entering prison for his third conviction in as many years.

"We Are Liars." Turkey's press laws were ostensibly drawn to fill a void in the national statutes, which were vague on the subject of libel. Libel laws clearly were needed in a new democracy whose newspapers were far more inclined to the savage and often baseless personal attack than they were to calm, deliberate judgments. But the laws of Menderes go well beyond mere libel control.

On pain of fines, imprisonment and suspension of their papers, Turkish journalists must not print anything that might "undermine financial and economic stability," anything that "belittles" or "insults" a public official, anything "of an offensive nature." If they commit any of these offenses inadvertently, they must print a correction or retraction the same day it is received from the public prosecutor. The correction must run precisely where the original story appeared, and

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exactly as received. WE ARE LIARS, headlined one Turkey paper above one such handout retraction, THE NEWS WE PUBLISHED YESTERDAY WAS WRONG.

The crimes for which Turkish newsmen are jailed would be considered fair editorial treatment in any other democracy. Editor Balciglu was judged for reprinting part of a story by U.S. Newspaper Publisher Eugene C. Pulliam (the Indianapolis *Star*, nine other papers), who, after a 1958 visit to Turkey, called the Premier a poor administrator and a conceited man. Tunc Yalman, sub-editor of *Vatan* and son of its publisher, was sentenced to prison for writing that the "government is uncultural."

Even When It Hurts. Not content with these restrictions, Menderes has also seized control of newsprint supply, uses



PUBLISHER YALMAN
Getting ready to go to jail.

it to punish outspoken papers by reducing their quota. Similarly, he established a government agency to handle the placing of all newspaper ads. While private advertisers have successfully resisted strict government control over their ads, Menderes' men see to it that government advertising goes to his favorite publications. After the Ankara weekly *Akis* (Reflection) criticized a public official, its government ad quota dropped to zero.

Far from bringing Turkish newsmen into line, Adnan Menderes has only made them more circumspect. Above all else the Turks have spirit, and the Turkish press has responded to its travail with courage. When *Kim's* Balciglu went off to prison, his magazine, faced with a month's suspension and a fine, merely went out of business as *Kim* and back into business as *Mim* (Mark). Stoically accepting the laws as occupational hazards, the responsible press goes right on practicing the journalist's right to print the truth, even when it hurts as much as it does in Adnan Menderes' Turkey.

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MUSIC

Mission from Moscow

After four years of vigorous "cultural exchange," U.S. audiences last week had their first chance to hear a Russian symphony orchestra and to compare it with what they know at home. Occasion: the start in Manhattan of a 20-city tour by the Moscow State Symphony, one of Russia's two major symphony orchestras (the other: Leningrad's Philharmonic).

Conditions for judging the Moscow players were not ideal: at the insistence of Impresario Sol Hurok, the Russians were offering a straight Tchaikovsky repertory during the first two weeks of their stay, with no other classics and no modern works. (Muttered Permanent Conductor Konstantin Ivanov, who wanted to play more Beethoven: "I suppose King Hurok knows best.") Under the 52-year-old Ivanov and 45-year-old Kiril Kondrashin, one of Russia's most active guest conductors, the 106-man Moscow symphony displayed some solid virtues and some marked weaknesses. The Russians attacked their Tchaikovsky less fiercely than many U.S. orchestras, and the old tub thumpers emerged at times with a lacy lightness lost in many a U.S. concert hall. The Moscow strings had a fine singing quality, and the brass was splendidly clear, but the wood winds sounded constricted and nasal. In general, the orchestra lacked the absolute authority that distinguishes a great orchestra from a merely good one; it also made plain why U.S. symphony orchestras have been so wildly cheered in Russia.

The real triumph for this group from the land of collectivism was not the orchestra's collective accomplishment but the individual performances of several great soloists. Pianist Emil Gilels, well



SOPRANO VISHNEVSKAYA
 It was the soloists.

known to U.S. audiences (TIME, Oct. 17, 1955), was in fine bravura form in Tchaikovsky's familiar *Concerto No. 1 for Piano and Orchestra*. Even more enthusiastically received were two newcomers:

Soprano Galina Vishnevskaya, 33, pretty brunette star of the Bolshoi Opera, who sang selections from two Tchaikovsky operas, *Eugen Onegin* and *Queen of Spades*. She revealed a voice of impressive range and size, smooth as silk in its vocal tracery, superbly responsive to every dramatic mood. Handsomely sheathed in a low-cut hourglass gown, but wearing no makeup ("Lipstick is unbecoming to me"), Soprano Vishnevskaya showed clearly why she is a Russian favorite. Her high spirits may stem from the fact that she started not in grand opera but in musical comedy. She sang at the Leningrad Operetta Theater during the war, sandwiching performances between stints of rubble clearing in the streets. In 1952 she graduated to the Bolshoi Opera, is now preparing the leading role in Shostakovich's *Lady Macbeth of Mtsensk*. Married to famed Russian Cellist Mstislav Rostropovich, Soprano Vishnevskaya has two daughters, lives comfortably in a six-room Moscow apartment, draws a top Soviet artist's salary of \$1,500 a month.

Cellist Daniel Shafraan, 36, who provided one of the memorable performances heard at Carnegie Hall in recent years. Playing a 1630 Amati cello (bought for him by the state when he was 14), Shafraan sailed through Tchaikovsky's *Variations on a Rococo Theme* with superb technical accuracy and a flooding warmth of feeling. Cradling the cello in long, slender arms, occasionally resting his cheek against it as though it were a pillow, he drew forth long, buttery strands of sound, executed devilishly difficult and rapid runs



CELLIST SHAFRAAN
 It was not the orchestra.



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with uncanny ease, clouted out loud pizzicato chords with minuscule movements of arm and wrist. Virtuoso Shafran started studying the cello when he was eight, made his first big splash at eleven playing with the Leningrad Philharmonic. His repertoire includes the predictable Tchaikovsky, Khachaturian, Kabalevsky, Schumann, Schubert and Bach, but he also plays more esoteric music—early Italian and German works. As the spatulate, bulbous fingertips on his left hand indicate, Cellist Shafran practices up to seven hours a day to live up to his title: "Honored Artist of the Russian Soviet Federated Socialist Republic."

The Bang-Bang Quartet

When they came clattering into town after town in two dusty Mercedes, a Renault and a Citroën, the visitors from America looked more like a wandering minstrel show than a first-class string quartet. The cars sagged with musical scores and books, the roofs were piled high with luggage. Crammed in with the musicians and wives were eight children of assorted ages. But when they turned up in white tie and tails to play at the Tel Aviv Museum last week, the members of Chicago's Fine Arts Quartet won the same kind of tumultuous reception they have encountered everywhere on their three-month odyssey through Europe and Israel. Said one Tel Aviv critic: "This is the best thing we've had from America."

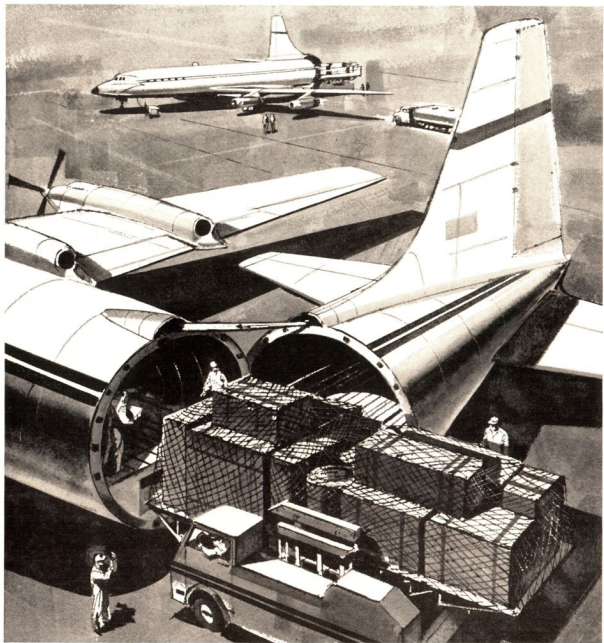
It took a while for the quartet to prove its class to European audiences. Although the four members—Cellist George Sorkin, 44, First Violinist Leonard Sorkin, 43, Second Violinist Abram Loft, 38, Violist Irving Ilmer, 40—had toured the Continent briefly two years ago, they found on this trip that Europeans are still apt to think of Chicago as a breeding ground of gangsters rather than musicians. In Stuttgart a jovial German musician

learned where they were from and greeted them by shouting, "Bang, bang, bang!" In Karlsruhe, West Germany, their hotel manager watched suspiciously as their caravan arrived, later spotted drip-dry shirts hanging on lines in their rooms and stomped off muttering, "Gypsies!"

But as they made their gypsy-like way through 55 concerts in eleven countries—eating picnic lunches, staying in the cheapest hotels, often sleeping in their cars—their reputation grew and preceded them. "One is struck," said Geneva's *Le Courrier*, "by the extraordinary ensemble of these four musicians who have come from Chicago with something other than corned beef in their suitcases." Wrote Amsterdam's *Het Vrije Volk*: "The highest praise can scarcely suffice. . . . They have made us aware that along with the harshly materialistic, there is another America." In Braunschweig, West Germany, the *Goslarische Zeitung* critic ran out of superlatives: "How can one write criticism when the whole evening was without a flaw?"

Acclaim awaited the quartet in small towns as well as big: In Sweden's Malmö (pop. 192,498), they turned down an offer of a three-month teaching contract; in a town in the French Alps they were toasted in champagne by the local chamber music society. Financially, the tour was less successful: because they decided to take their families ("It's the best insurance against divorce"), the players paid out \$25,000, took in only \$15,000. But they had no regrets as they closed out their tour last week. Said Second Violinist Loft: "We played Ravel in France, Beethoven in Germany, Holmboe in Copenhagen, and everywhere threw in some American modern. We went into the lion's den and came out unscathed. Now I hope Europeans realize if Americans can play chamber music even if they are from Chicago."

✽ From left: Sorkin, Ilmer, Loft, Sorkin.



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ART



CHARLES BURCHFIELD'S "EARLY WINTER TWILIGHT": QUIET & ELOQUENT

Music in Landscape

The Whitney Museum's annual exhibition of contemporary American art, on view in Manhattan last week, included one picture each by 145 painters. Nine out of ten exhibitors, many of them formerly figurative painters, had joined the abstract expressionist ranks. Despite some brilliantly decorative items, their combined effect was as loud and dreary as a bowling alley from the pin boys' viewpoint.

Amidst this fashionable glare of paint, Charles Burchfield's *Early Winter Twilight* seemed somber, unassuming and timeless. Burchfield, 66, who has been ill and little heard from in the past few years, has recently recovered his health and turned out more than 30 watercolors in the last year. *Twilight* was begun 16 years ago, finished six months ago. It dramatically celebrates the slushy black winter climate of the Buffalo (N.Y.) region where Burchfield lives. "The sky is the leading actor," Burchfield explained. "I was trying to express the threat of winter coming. There is a single light in the farmhouse window, showing that somebody is preparing supper or that they've had supper."

In Walter Pater's famous, puzzling phrase, "all art constantly aspires towards the condition of music." Abstractionists often make this an argument for dispensing with subject matter, as pure music does. But Burchfield, an ardent hi-fi fan, imbues his landscapes with musical qualities while keeping them close to nature. From the grace notes of its stiff-frozen weeds and goldenrod to the black surge and sudden blazings of its sky, Burchfield's new picture eloquently sings.

The Monumentalist

"Our human frame, our gutted mansion, our enveloping sack of beef and ash is yet a glory. The human figure is the image of all men and of one man. It contains all and it can express all." So says Leonard Baskin, whose latest and best carving sat in state at the Smith College Museum of Art in Northampton, Mass., last week. Entitled *Seated Man with Owl*, it was a proud new acquisition for one of the nation's finest little museums, fell to Smith's lot because Baskin happens to teach there.

To be so traditionally devoted to the human figure is to be practically alone among young contemporary sculptors. Most of Baskin's fellows base their sculpture on yesterday's innovations, shaping caved-out, semi-human figures à la Moore, skeletal ghosts à la Giacometti, allusive combinations of metal junk à la Stan-

kiewicz, or totally abstract welded armatures à la David Smith. Baskin, a lone voice in this spiny desert, argues that "the only true originality any art can have is originality of content. If I tried to find a new way of doing sculpture, I'd be like any other guy." Baskin even avoids beautiful materials for fear their texture and color might exert too great an influence on his art, direct the attention of the viewer from the form.

The son of a New Jersey rabbi, Baskin was rigorously trained in the Talmud until his 15th year, later got an equally thorough art training at the Yale School of Fine Arts, in Paris, and in Florence. His first successes as an artist were dramatic woodcuts, but at 37 he finds sculpture his natural medium. Sophisticated, gentle and intense, he lives with his wife and small son in a home that was once the servants' quarters of the old Frank Lyman estate in Northampton, works in a converted harness room back of the house. He works in wood "because it is warm and alive, lighter than stone and cheaper than bronze."

Baskin gives his figures all the unadorned monumentality he can, tries to capture the most elemental aspects of man's life. Like the sculptured gods of Egypt and Sumeria, his figures are still, withdrawn, awesome. Yet they also express a sharply contrasting sense of the ordinary and everyday. He casts fat, simple, dull-seeming people in the roles of gods and heroes. Except for his owl, and the timelessness it symbolizes, the *Seated Man* might be riding a subway. The owl, too, is an ambiguous image. It represents wisdom, but also "the bird of darkness. You never hear an owl when it takes off to attack."

John Loengard



SCULPTOR LEONARD BASKIN



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Robert Crandall

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MEDICINE

The Heart in Surgery

Dramatic accounts of heroic emergency measures undertaken when a patient's heart stops in the middle of an operation, usually because of some condition unrelated to the heart, are becoming commonplace—too common, in the opinion of Surgeon William E. Bomar Jr. of Greenville, S.C. In the *A.M.A. Journal*, Dr. Bomar and colleagues review 30 such instances at Greenville General Hospital, conclude that anesthesia is not the only villain as often as some surgeons would like to think. On the contrary, they suggest, advances in anesthesia have produced so strong an "anesthesia is safe" attitude that surgeons fail to take full precautions against operating-table crises for weakened patients.

Of the 30 Greenville cases, heart massage was tried in 18. Though only two patients survived (fortunately without brain damage), Dr. Bomar believes that all should have had an equal chance. Therefore, he suggests, no surgeon should be allowed in an operating room, no matter what his specialty or what part of the body he is to work on, unless he is thoroughly familiar with emergency measures to get a stopped heart going again.

A Brush with EVE

When 150 virologists and public-health experts met in Philadelphia last week to swap shoptalk on the eastern equine encephalitis that flared in southern New Jersey last fall (TIME, Oct. 5), the conference chairman himself was the rarest of medical phenomena: a survivor of the deadly disease who had escaped brain damage.

Almost casually, in highly technical discussions held by the University of Pennsylvania's School of Veterinary Medicine, it was disclosed that Chairman Richard E. Shope, 58, virologist of the Rockefeller Institute, had become infected and the subject of a scientific first. Dr. Shope, working in Ocean County where encephalitis was raging, pitched energetically into the disease-detective work, collecting mosquitoes suspected of transmitting the virus. Inevitably, he was bitten. For a while he felt no ill effects. But during a mid-October train ride, Dr. Shope began to suffer chills; his muscles ached and his joints hurt. Next day he asked Dr. Delphine Clarke, a fellow worker at the institute, to draw blood for testing.

Dr. Shope's temperature shot up to 104°, and for a week he endured spells of alternating chills. But the agonizing doubt was continuous. For if the virus attacked the brain, he would have only a one-in-three chance of surviving, and a one-in-30 chance of escaping without paralysis and with his mind unimpaired. Dr. Clarke reported proudly but sadly that she had isolated the virus from Dr. Shope's blood. It was the first time scientists had been able to find it in the blood of a living hu-



RESEARCHER SHOPE
One who survived.

man victim (usually they get it only after death, from brain and other nerve tissues). After ten days Dr. Shope inexplicably felt better, and has remained well.

How fortunate he was is shown by the fate of 33 New Jersey victims: 21 died, eleven had brain damage, only one recovered fully. Once infection sets in, no treatment has any effect on the progress of EVE—or, as the experts called it more often last week, EVE, short for eastern viral encephalomyelitis. The disease is even deadlier for horses and pheasants, but can be prevented in these species by vaccination. So far, no vaccine has been approved for general use in man. Best current bet for control of EVE: identify the mosquito carriers, such as Dr. Shope was collecting, and exterminate them.

Border Outbreak

More than 30 people in California's Imperial County were bitten last week by dogs, many of which were certainly rabid. At least 100 county residents were taking or had recently finished the tedious "Pasteur treatment"—a series of 14 to 21 painful daily injections. Since Labor Day, 1,388 animals (mostly dogs, but including 187 cats) had been shot (more than 200 last week) on the suspicion that any animal at large might be rabid. That the suspicion was justified was shown in a check of 48 stray dogs picked up at Calexico in four days: 29 proved rabid.

Rabies is a disease that demands super-

✶ Still usually so-called because Louis Pasteur made the first vaccine from the ground-up spinal cords of rabbits in which the virus had grown and become weakened. But most vaccine now used in the U.S. is the Semple type (for David Semple, English physician, 1856-1937), in which the virus is killed by heat and chemicals.



PHOTOGRAPHED BY TOM HOLLYMAN ON THE TERRACE OF THE CARIBE HILTON, SAN JUAN, PUERTO RICO.

A foolproof guide for making rum sours

by Jerry and Anne Chase (who were taught at the Caribe Hilton in Puerto Rico)

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Larry Crockett

RABID-DOG CHASE IN CALEXICO Always fatal, completely preventable.

latives. Once it develops, it is invariably fatal. But it is completely preventable. The World Health Organization reported last week that Norway has had no case in animal or man since 1809, Australia since 1867, Britain since 1922. In 1959, the U.S. had five deaths through November. Prevention requires two rigorous steps: destruction of every rabid animal, followed by strict quarantine to keep the disease out. (Vaccination of pets is a valuable added precaution.)

Shoot at Sight. Imperial County's problem is that, although its antirabies precautions have long matched the U.S. average, it faces an abnormal hazard—an estimated 25,000 stray dogs across the border in Mexicali (pop. 175,000), capital of Baja California Norte, Mexico's newest state. An eight-mile fence, 8-ft. high, between Calexico and Mexicali, does not keep the beasts out, mainly because they trot through the border control post alongside cars.

The current border-jumping epidemic began Labor Day, when one rabid dog bit a man and a child. It built up gradually. Imperial County was quarantined and declared a rabies area in early November. Any animal not on a leash became fair game. First day, 40 dogs and 20 cats were shot. "They've gone crazy," complained one man. "My wife hollered, 'Don't shoot!' but they shot my Labrador retriever four times with a shotgun, right in front of the kids. And he had a tag on." Unsentimental health officers literally stuck to their guns.

Heads in the Reefer. Dozens of dogs have been proved rabid, and in the county health department's refrigerator at El Centro there is a big backlog of heads from destroyed animals. Microbiologist Ella Capers Weston has not had time to check them all, has sent an overflow to state laboratories in Berkeley. At least 15 people have been bitten by dogs now

known to have been rabid; scores of others have had to take the vaccine injections before the biters' rabidity could be established. Microbiologist Weston has taken them too.

In Calexico, a door-to-door check was in progress to make sure that every dog or cat was vaccinated against rabies. In Mexicali, health officers opened vaccination clinics for dogs, got 5,000 vaccine doses from the Pan American Health Organization. It looked like too little, too late; more than 600 residents had been bitten, of whom 425 had taken shots. Casualty reports were feared daily. Even the intensive efforts north of the border might not be enough. Said Calexico's City Health Officer Al Brooks: "If we get by without a few people dying from rabies, it will be a miracle."

Live-Virus Vaccine

How soon can a live-virus poliomyelitis vaccine, taken by mouth, supplement or replace the Salk-type, killed-virus vaccine, which must be injected? Not until many tricky questions about safety and effectiveness have been answered, the U.S. Public Health Service has ruled. Last week the National Foundation, which supported Dr. Jonas E. Salk's work with marching dimes, announced grants totaling \$500,000 to speed answers to key questions about the live-virus vaccine prepared (also with help from foundation funds) by Cincinnati's Dr. Albert Sabin. Recipients:

¶ Yale University (\$81,308), for Dr. John R. Paul to study the extent to which attenuated (weakened) strains of virus, used in the vaccine, may revert to virulent types during multiplication in the subject's digestive tract. Specifically, what is the best dosage to give protection, and do bigger doses carry greater risk of increasing virulence?

¶ Baylor University (\$170,884), for Dr. Joseph L. Melnick (formerly on Dr. Paul's Yale staff) to run a community trial in Houston with 4,400 volunteers, 250 of them to receive the vaccine. Here, too, signs of reversion to virulence will be sought; also, evidence of how much protection accrues to contacts who "catch" the live virus from vaccinated subjects without being vaccinated themselves.

¶ Western Reserve University (\$57,387), in Cleveland, for Dr. Frederick C. Robbins to find out how the vaccine will work if fed to newborn infants. Question is whether polio antibodies, inherited from the mother and conferring "passive immunity" for a few months, will interfere with the child's developing its own antibodies for lasting "active immunity."

Not covered by the National Foundation grants are two other U.S.-made oral vaccines. One, prepared by Dr. Herald R. Cox for Lederle Laboratories, is being tested by the University of Minnesota. The other, from Dr. Hilary Koprowski of Philadelphia's Wistar Institute, is also being tried at a number of institutions. Both, like the Sabin vaccine, have been given to millions of people outside the U.S. (TIME, Nov. 2).

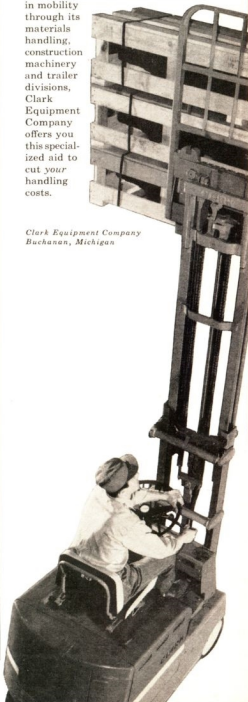
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BUSINESS

HOME-BOUND COMMUTERS ON LOS ANGELES FREEWAY
Worse than Dante's trip through hell.

John Bryson

MODERN LIVING

Those Rush-Hour Blues (See Cover)

Along the eight-lane highways that stretch forth like tentacles from San Francisco, it was the time of day that tries men's carburetors: the evening rush hour. Everyone wanted to get home at once. Trapped in a snarling, bumper-to-bumper tie-up, Salesman Bink Beckmann reacted with unusual calm; he had a unique way of keeping his blood pressure down. On a tiny slip of paper he scrawled, "Hold dinner; traffic tie-up"; then he reached behind him into a cage, seconds later sent a homing pigeon fluttering out of the car window. A pigeon fancier, Beckmann carries eight pigeons on his daily rides to and from work, keeps his waiting wife informed of delays with pigeon-powered bulletins to their San Rafael home.

On the other coast of the U.S., deep in the tunneled bowels of Manhattan's Grand Central Terminal, Publishing Executive Cal Estes boarded the New Haven railroad's 5:11 to Riverside, Conn. From long experience with the New Haven, he, too, expected trouble. Through his mind flashed the unhappy vision of a late train, of his wife preparing dinner without any warning that he would be late. There was one way to prepare for the worst. With an air of quiet desperation, he went to the bar car, began drinking Scotch on the rocks as the train pulled out. The drinks were not wasted. By the time the 5:11 got to Riverside, it was 40 minutes late on a scheduled 47-minute run.

Bicycles & Kayaks. Beckmann and Estes are resourceful examples of a special and hardy breed of U.S. citizen: the commuter. Like the U.S. postman, the intrepid commuter lets neither howling storms, nor packed trains, nor jammed highways, nor endless delays keep him from the completion of his appointed rounds between work

and home. He is willing to endure all the journey's perils for the sake of pursuing success in the city and the good life—or cheaper living—in the suburbs or exurbs.

Out of a U.S. working force of 66 million, commuters make up a scant 10 million. Yet their daily cycle from home to work accounts for a larger volume of passenger traffic than any other type of week-day travel. Six million of them get to work and back home by auto, 450,000 by train, 3,550,000 by bus, subway or rapid transit. Others ingeniously make the trip by airplane, helicopter, bicycle, motor scooter, powerboat and, in the case of one hardy California commuter, by kayak.

The great postwar exodus to Suburbia has scattered commuters through the U.S. countryside surrounding great cities, put a crippling strain on the arteries that feed the metropolises. A few foreign cities also have problems in handling the commuter torrent: London and Paris groan beneath its weight. Tokyo hires students to push commuters tightly into rush-hour trains, and Calcutta's commuter rails are so crowded that people ride prone on the roofs of coaches. But in the U.S., the nationwide flight to the suburbs has created a huge problem for almost every major city. And the problem is due to get worse.

If vast transportation changes are not made, traffic experts predict that by 1970 so many cars will be pouring daily into big cities that the monstrous traffic jam will just about stop all movement. For U.S. commuter railroads, crying out in financial agony, the auto has wiped out much of the balanced, all-day, regular-fare business that once made rail passengers profitable. It has left the rails burdened with the money-losing, morning-evening commuter rush—and even cut heavily into that. The number of passengers commuting by rail annually has dropped from 458 million in 1929 to 224 million in 1959.

Precocious Darling. The commuter is thus a U.S. problem child—but he is also a precocious darling. He is vital to the business life of the big cities, as a group holds more responsible, higher-salaried jobs than his noncommuting brethren. Commuters earn more than \$2 billion in New York City, \$1.7 billion in San Francisco. The commuter is well-educated, aggressive, articulate—and, as a class, furiously united against everything that threatens to interrupt his daily nest-to-work cycle. To hear him tell it, the trials and tribulations of commuting make Dante's trip through hell seem like a cross-town taxi ride. Items:

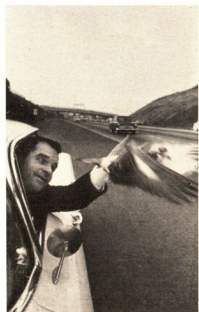
¶ In Santa Ana, Calif., a dog ran across the Santa Ana freeway during the rush hour, when the road is a bumper-to-bumper torrent moving at 40 m.p.h. Result: 40 cars were wrecked.

¶ In Chicago, commuters on the Chicago North Shore & Milwaukee Railway were startled when their engineer dashed to ward the rear of the self-propelled train, crying, "Don't panic! Don't panic!" No one panicked, and a second later the train plowed into an empty school bus. Commuters picked themselves up, dusted themselves off. It was just another story to tell at the office.

¶ In Los Angeles, a harried commuter found his way home detoured by a stout barricade blocking a road under construction. Angriely he drove through the barricade and over the newly graded roadbed, followed by thousands of other motorists.

¶ In Chicago, commuters riding to work on a bus spied a car speeding away from the police. They shouted to the bus driver, who wheeled his vehicle across both lanes of traffic, stopped the fugitives.

¶ In Westchester County, N.Y., suspicious railroad police entered a commuter's basement, discovered a printing shop for



Harry Reul

SALESMAN BECKMANN & BIRD
One way to say "I'm late."

counterfeiting commutation tickets. The commuter's explanation: he liked to outwit the railroad.

Hardly a week passes but the commuter is besieged by some new peril, lacerated by some angry official, or frightened by some dire warning. Last week was no exception. From the New Haven's president, George Alpert, whose road is the second biggest U.S. commuter line and the one in worst financial shape, came an ominous threat—"The countdown has begun"—to end all passenger service. Alpert applied for a 10% fare hike (which would bring New Haven fare hikes to 57% since 1956), but that was only his opener. Unless the New Haven gets government subsidy and tax relief by June 30, warned Alpert, he will ask for 10% fare hikes every six months until fares are 70% above the present. Alpert called his scheme the "commuter service survival plan." It was greeted by the traditional chorus of jeers from irate commuters, blather from self-seeking local politicians.

This kind of instinctive reaction stirs the ire of railroad officials. "The commuter is a son of a pup," says William R. Main, assistant vice president of the New York Central Railroad. "He is an irrational animal. Unless he gets smart pretty soon, he will be out on the end of a limb. He looks upon the service as a commodity, doesn't give it the thought it deserves, takes the service for granted, but explodes when his train is late, and seems to harbor a latent dislike for railroads."

The commuter, for his part, is sure that the railroads harbor a blatant dislike for him. The Boston and Albany is pushing a petition to drop all of its 39 commuter trains in Massachusetts. The New York, Susquehanna & Western wants to do away with all passenger service—as more than a dozen other U.S. railroads have done



Ben Martin

HOME-BOUND COMMUTERS ON NEW HAVEN TRAIN
Harder than shooting a bear or clearing a forest.

since 1950. The New Haven has dropped its Old Colony road to Boston's South Shore and Cape Cod, the Central its Putnam division in Westchester County and West Shore line in New Jersey and New York. Boston and Maine's President Patrick B. McGinnis, who was washed out as boss of the New Haven in 1956 in a torrent of commuter complaint, has not improved his reputation by selling off 69 commuter stations, chopping off 37 trains.

Creature of Habit. The problems that the commuter poses to the nation's cities are great and prickly—but they are not unique. In the 2nd century, the satirist Juvenal graphically described the swarming streets of ancient Rome. They were thick with litter bearers, chariot jams, and furious drivers who knocked people down and ran over them in their haste to get home to dinner. Many a Roman mumbled in his toga: "*Quid hercle facimus de obstructione?*"* But it was not until late 19th century London that the commuter appeared as a distinct type. London's rapid growth called for so much space for businesses that citizens were forced out of the center of the metropolis, had to commute to work by horse bus and rail. It was only in the U.S., with its spreading cities and changing population patterns, that the commuter came into his own as a widespread social phenomenon. He got a big boost from the introduction of the cut-fare commutation ticket for those who ride the rails daily.

Just what sort of creature is the modern-day commuter? If he travels by rail, he is a man (few women are commuters) of almost inflexible habits. A slave to the timetable, he is often up before the farmers, and into bed before his teen-age sons. A single glance at his schedule can make him break off the most scintillating con-

versation in the city, or leave his wife in the midst of an embrace. He likes to dash for the train with seconds to spare, board it daily at the same precise spot on the platform, sit in the same seat. "You ought to hear the howls we get," says a New Haven trainman, "when the engineer brings the train in a few feet off the usual stopping place."

The commuter does not like to talk with strangers (or often with anyone), or wear double-breasted suits, or sit with a woman, or travel without a hat. To preserve his privacy, he uses his newspaper like a shield, or he plays cards with the same partners. If he reads a sexy book or a left-wing newspaper, it is prudently concealed between more respectable pages. Whether he reads or works on the train (some commuters carry pocket-sized gadgets for dictating), drinks in the bar car, or gazes idly at the countryside, he is likely to do the same thing every day. One Chicago commuter, accustomed to finding his grey Volkswagen in the same spot at the station every evening, hopped off the 6:38 one day, slipped behind the wheel of the car. He gave a cursory nod to the kids in the rear, leaned over to kiss his wife—and discovered to his horror that both she and the kids were total strangers. Retreating hastily, he hid behind a telephone pole until his wife showed up.

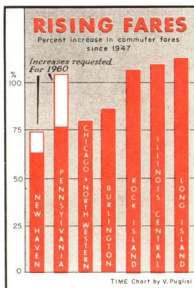
Some commuters insist that they undergo the daily trip to the big city and back for the sake of the wife and kiddies. There also are Freudian explanations. Says New York Psychiatrist Dr. José Barchilon, himself a commuter: "The twice-daily sacrifice of the commuter to the indignities of transportation satisfies something deep within the husband's psyche. In modern society there are few opportunities for the breadwinner to endure personal hardship in earning the family living, such as clearing the forest or shooting



Ben Martin

NEW HAVEN'S ALPERT
One way to solve the problem.

* "What the hell are we going to do about this congestion?"



a bear. For some husbands who spend their day in plush offices, the discomforts of commuting help alleviate feelings of guilt or envy that their wives are closer to primary hardships, e.g., cooking, minding the children." Many rail commuters welcome the trip as an hour of respite between frustrating tensions at the office and petty annoyances at home. Says a Stony Brook, L.I.-Manhattan commuter: "I commute to get a little peace and quiet each day. I have five kids."

Road Trap. The man who drives his auto to work, on the other hand, can rarely relax. He prizes the independence the auto gives him, but he pays for it dearly. With one foot on the brake and the other on the accelerator, he braves traffic jams so packed that, so the story goes, a Los Angeles driver was carried along for ten miles after he ran out of gas. He can expect no quarter from his own. A motorist lost on the Santa Ana freeway recently pulled his car onto the center island to take his bearings. Three hours later he was still there, trapped by a whizzing flow of motorists who refused to slow down enough to let him get back on the road.

The total of U.S. cars is now 62 million, and it is growing faster than the population. Billions of dollars are being spent to build new roads and expressways that sometimes cost up to \$30 million a mile. Los Angeles has spent \$800 million in the last decade. Detroit \$768 million since 1955, and Boston \$125 million for a three-mile central artery. For every acre of floor space constructed, suburban plants now need two acres of space for their commuting workers' cars. Some cities, notably Los Angeles and Detroit, devote up to two-thirds of their downtown areas to streets and parking areas.

"What a Waste." Despite the auto's onward rush, the core of the commuter problem is still the railroads, the most efficient of the facilities for moving people in and out of big cities. A double-track commuter line can carry five times as

many people per hour as a four-lane superhighway. To build enough highways for the 30,000 commuters who travel into Philadelphia on the Pennsylvania Railroad would cost \$611 million. If everyone who now rides the trains into New York decided to drive, a third of Manhattan would be needed just for parking space. The auto is an inefficient commuter tool, carries only an average 1.7 commuters. Soviet Premier Khrushchev, inspecting crowded San Francisco highways, exclaimed what every American knows: "What a waste."

But if commuters need the railroads, most railroad men are sure that they can do without the commuter. Well over half of the 360 million people who ride trains each year are commuters, yet they contribute only 20% of all passenger fares. Railroad men complain that for every \$1 they get from the commuter, the road must spend up to \$1.50 just to keep him moving. Many commuters are convinced that the bookkeeping is tricky, that the roads charge too big a share of passenger expenses to them. But the roads only conform to Interstate Commerce Commission bookkeeping regulations. The New Haven claims it lost \$8,400,000 on New York commuters last year. The New York Central lost \$4,500,000 on commuters, the Pennsylvania \$10 million, the Southern Pacific \$1,000,000, the Milwaukee \$320,000.

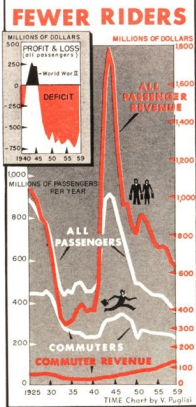
Railroads try to face up to the problem in different ways. On some, where the passenger is a small part of traffic, the management goes along with the loss; it can make it up in freight profits. But on a few roads such as the New Haven, where passenger revenue makes up 47% of the total, freight income is not enough. Largely because of its commuter deficit, the New Haven lost \$4.3 million in 1958, another \$10 million in 1959. As a result, President Alpert frankly admits that the road has gone steadily downhill. Service has deteriorated: cars are often dirty, broken seats go unrepaired, and commuters joke that management plays a game called "hide the locomotive," as they wait in the station for an engine to pull the train out. The New Haven has one of the worst on-time records (82.8%) of any U.S. road, suffers from a fantastically high breakdown record. Alpert has cut maintenance costs drastically—although, quips one sardonic commuter, "It's not quite come to the point where your wife kisses you goodbye every morning thinking it's the last time." He has also needled commuters with such niggling little gestures as the removal of the lightly expressed "theater" train to the suburbs—as has the New York Central. "Riding the New Haven," says a Wall Street commuter, "is the most vicious form of travel known to man."

Cheaper Than Cars. One key to the railroads' financial plight is the commuter fare. Despite hefty hikes in the last few years, it is still one of the biggest bargains in the U.S. For example, a commuter can ride on the New Haven between Manhattan and Larchmont, N.Y., a commuter bedroom 19 miles from the city, for 50¢ a ride on a 46-ride commutation ticket—one-fourth or less of what it would cost

to drive his car, not counting parking fees. One reason for the low fares is that U.S. railroads still suffer from the bad reputation earned in the days of the Robber Barons, when, as a monopoly, they often gouged the public. Now, though they are far from monopoly, they find it tough to get permission from the ICC and state utility commissions for fare increases. The Long Island Rail Road, biggest U.S. commuter line, was unable to get a fare hike from 1918 to 1947, despite repeated requests. Other railroads waited too long to press for hikes, let fares over the years fall far behind rising costs. Most claim that they now need 50% to 70% higher fares just to break even on the commuter.

"The commuter pays only a fraction of the cost," says the Central's Main, "and he doesn't see why he should pay more." But the commuter may soon have to change his thinking. The longer he resists fare hikes, the worse his lot may become. Any intelligent New Haven rider, for instance, knows that if the road cannot make money, it will go bust—and he will have to find another, more expensive way to work. Many roads fear that raising fares much more will drive more commuters to the auto. But the sturdy rail commuters still left have little taste for exchanging their lot for traffic chaos. The Long Island has raised fares four times since 1956, yet has never lost more than 1% of its commuters after any hike.

Milk the Cow. Higher fares do not make the entire answer to the railroads' problems. The very nature of the com-



muter business—running at a peak for only four hours daily—means that roads must keep expensive equipment and labor idle for most of the day. “You couldn’t profitably run a shoe factory or a bean canner on such a schedule,” says the Long Island’s president, Thomas Goodfellow. “You can’t profitably run a railroad that way either.”

Railroads are also hobbled by books full of outdated and unnecessary regulations. Last week ICC Member Anthony F. Arpaia, who should know, called the commission “an organizational monstrosity.” Both the ICC and state commissions require months or years of hearings before railroads may drop obsolete runs. The New York Central struggled for five years to drop its West Shore line. It was losing \$3,000,000 annually—enough, said the Central’s president, Alfred Perlman, “to have provided a Chevrolet, if not a Cadillac, for each of the less than 4,000 commuters using the service.” Railroad unions also add to costs by featherbedding, and full-crew laws in 16 states force the roads to employ men they consider unnecessary, last year cost the Central \$5,000,000 in New York State alone.

For years the railroads have been hit for hefty taxes by every little town they pass through. They are also prime targets for states such as New Jersey, which, says the ICC, assesses rail property at 100% of value while setting a lower base for other taxpayers. When a railroad repairs a bridge or improves a parking lot, it is not praised, but taxed more heavily. New York City forced the Central to build a new \$23 million bridge over the Harlem River in such a way that a new highway could pass under it, then upped taxes on the bridge from \$70,000 to \$500,000 a year. Says the Central’s solicitor, Robert D. Brooks: “Everyone wants to milk the cow, but no one wants to feed it.”

Help for Ceylon. The New Haven’s Alpert thinks the solution to such problems is an all-out campaign for Government subsidies. He charges that the railroads are slowly being crushed by subsidized competition. Says he: “Subsidy is a common practice today, particularly in the field of transportation. Billions have been spent in the construction of airports for the use of the airlines. This is a subsidy. Hundreds of millions have been spent to maintain the merchant fleet, privately owned. This is a subsidy. For the benefit of the automobile and truck user, \$93 billion has been spent on the highways, of which only \$45 billion has come back in user charges. The balance is subsidy.”

Alpert is particularly galled that the Government gave more than \$2,000,000 in 1958 subsidies to New York Airways’ helicopter service, which carried fewer passengers all year (91,000) than the New Haven carries in a day. The Government has given loans and grants of more than \$1 billion to aid foreign railroads, including one chunk for improving commuter service in Colombo, Ceylon. Says Alpert: “There would seem to be very little reason why some slight recognition should not be given by our Govern-

ment to the railroads that are struggling for survival here in the U.S.”

Most of Alpert’s fellow railroad men look on his plea for subsidy with the same disapproval they show of kids who throw rocks at trains. What they do want is equal treatment with all other forms of transportation, including tax equality or outright tax relief. In this, they have a shining example to encourage them: the Long Island Rail Road, which once vied with the New Haven in the race to ruin, now enjoys a reputation as the best New York commuter railroad.

What happened on the Long Island? Losses ran so high that its owner, the

flakes.” One man who has learned this lesson well is Ben Heineman, the lawyer turned railroader who is chairman of the Chicago and North Western Railway. Heineman took over a \$2 million- to \$3 million-a-year money loser in 1956. For the commuter, fares went up, but Heineman gave him better service, more modern equipment. Last year the North Western made about \$40,000 profit on commuters, has the healthiest and most promising commuter operation in the U.S.

Last week Heineman announced another step forward: the road will borrow \$21 million to replace all the road’s remaining obsolete equipment with the most mod-



COMMUTERS RELAXING IN NEW HAVEN BAR CAR
Getting prepared for the worst.

Ben Martin

Pennsylvania Railroad, had the road thrown into bankruptcy. Even that brought no outside help. Not until two accidents in a year (1950) killed 109 commuters did New York State decree a twelve-year, \$65 million rebuilding program. To give the road money for new equipment and better service, it excused it from all state taxes, many local taxes, allowed it to raise fares at will. The Pennsylvania agreed to give up for twelve years payments due it on \$62 million in Long Island indebtedness. The plan halved the Long Island’s tax bill, saves the road \$2.3 million a year. President Goodfellow points out that the sum “is almost, but not quite, enough to build one mile of a six-lane expressway on Long Island.” Encouraged by such success, New York State is trying partial tax forgiveness for other roads, to the tune of \$1.5 million a year.

Break with Tradition. Even given higher fares and tax relief, most U.S. railroads have yet to learn one basic lesson. It is that the transportation industry, in the words of Kenneth M. Hoover, chief engineer of the San Francisco’s Bay Area Rapid Transit District, “is in the business of selling rides, just as the corn flake business is in the business of selling corn

flakes.” One man who has learned this lesson well is Ben Heineman, the lawyer turned railroader who is chairman of the Chicago and North Western Railway. Heineman took over a \$2 million- to \$3 million-a-year money loser in 1956. For the commuter, fares went up, but Heineman gave him better service, more modern equipment. Last year the North Western made about \$40,000 profit on commuters, has the healthiest and most promising commuter operation in the U.S.

But not even Ben Heineman has been spared the commuter’s fondness for taking out all his ills—from a bad breakfast to a grouchy boss—on the railroads. Three months ago, commuters waiting at the North Western’s Fort Sheridan station were speechless when a brand-new commuter train pulled in. Like urchins examining a Cadillac, they climbed aboard, bounced on the soft seats, gazed in wonder at the fluorescent lighting. Then the train started, and they noticed that the new type of brake, while safer, had an unfamiliar squeak. Muttered one: “You’d think that they’d have brakes that didn’t squeak on equipment as expensive as this.” Said another, “Yeah—is that what our last fare increase went for? It’s a helluva way to run a railroad.”

Some roads have actually found that the heart of the commuter can be touched. Chicago’s Burlington railroad, rich from

freight, modernized its passenger trains in 1948, then asked for a fare hike. Commuters were so pleased by the improvements that they even wrote letters to the Illinois Commerce Commission backing the request. Four more increases also went through smoothly. The Burlington hopes to slip into the black on commuters this year. Even if it fails, it feels that its commuter losses add up to a modest price to pay for the public's good will. Says the Burlington's president, Harry Murphy: "We've got to serve the commuters, so I believe we should give them the best service we can possibly afford."

Quiet, Please. Because they have to serve the commuter—like it or not—other railroads and transit systems, along with cities, are also trying to find ways to do the job right. The Pennsylvania and Reading railroads and the city of Philadelphia are cooperating in "Operation Northwest," in which the railroads have stepped up service and lowered fares, and issue transfers for the city's transit system in return for a \$320,000 grant to help cover extra costs. The plan has not cut commuter losses, but it has proved that the commuter can be won away from the auto: the Pennsy's passenger load has jumped 17%, the Reading's 29.5%.

San Francisco has formed the Bay Area Rapid Transit District to set up a regional network of 70 m.p.h. rapid-transit trains that, when completed in 1965, will get commuters from any one station to any other in less than an hour. What spurred it on was a voter outcry against the blight on the city's beauty caused by superhighways. The state legislature decided that the motorist must help pay for the new system, will nick him for \$115 million in traffic tolls to construct a rapid-transit tube under San Francisco Bay.

Atlanta Transit System switched from corner-to-corner bus lines to fast, limited runs, last year netted \$87,107 in profits. Los Angeles Metropolitan Transit Authority went after business by labeling buses formerly marked "P" and "M" with such snappy names as "The Freeway Flyer" and "The Zephyr." They carry signs for the benefit of frazzled motorists: "Quiet, please. Our passengers are resting." Says a company official: "Same bus. You just snap a little life into the system and people will buy."

To the Moon. The penalty for failing to snap life into the nation's public transportation is to see many U.S. cities share the fate of Los Angeles. The rail commuter system that once operated 6,200 electric trains daily over 1,061 miles of track was a hit-and-run victim of cars. Since then, at a cost of \$1.6 billion, the city has built 271 miles of freeways and 266 miles of expressways to accommodate some 2,000,000 motorists—and is furiously working on 107 more. But, says Edward T. Telford, engineer in charge of construction, "it will be years before we can catch up to the need—if we ever can."

Taken as a composite, the Los Angeles commuter reels off some 39,330,000 miles a day just going to and from his job, the equivalent of 165 trips to the moon and

back. Each day he generates 5.6 billion cu. ft. of auto smog that has created a new problem for the city. If a car stalls for two minutes on a Los Angeles freeway, at least 30 minutes is needed to untangle the traffic jam. Says Sam Taylor, boss of the Los Angeles traffic department: "We talk casually about moving a man to the moon and back; yet we can't move the man to work and back so he can build the missile to take the man to the moon and back."

One Egg Basket. Behind the nation's commuter problem lies a woeful lack of public planning. Many new roads, good in themselves, have been built to dump autos on the city without providing ties with transit systems that could ease



NORTH WESTERN'S HEINEMAN
The customer wants to be loved.

downtown traffic congestion. By failing to coordinate Boston's new half-billion-dollar express-road system with the city's ailing Metropolitan Transit Authority, officials left no feeder roads where the M.T.A. could pick up passengers, helped accelerate the M.T.A. decline. Railroad lines and rapid-transit systems, which can often complement each other, frequently compete with each other—and the auto—because of lack of central planning.

"We're in trouble today," says San Francisco's Hoover, "because for the last 20 years we have been putting our transportation eggs into one basket—the development of facilities for the private automobile to the virtual exclusion of every other form of transportation."

The answer to the problem, most experts agree, is neither to outlaw the automobile in cities, nor abandon the commuter to his fate, nor adopt such oft-suggested schemes as the monorail or the far-fetched "pneumatic tube for people." What the nation's big cities need, if they are not to become monstrous masses of immovable autos, is better, more efficient

public transportation. Traffic experts want to see the train, the bus and the rapid-transit system take their rightful place alongside the auto as part of a coordinated transportation system. In order to compete effectively, the railroads need tax equality and freedom from excessive regulation. The ICC has already come out in favor of tax relief, and Congress recently made it easier for the rails to discontinue service that is no longer needed. Once these preliminaries are over, it is up to the railroads—and to the auto's other rivals—to win the commuter's hand by fervent wooing. The best suitor will win, but there are plenty of commuters to go around. Like all who feel underprivileged, put upon, unwanted and besieged, the U.S. commuter has a secret desire: he wants to be loved—and to get there on time.

STATE OF BUSINESS

The Boom & Tight Money

¶ With steel operating at 95% of capacity last week and pouring a near-record 2,707,000 tons, automakers scheduled their highest production in three years.

¶ Railroad carloadings jumped 14,260 in a week to 483,012 cars, some 3% better than a year ago.

¶ Department store sales were 9% over the corresponding week last year.

¶ Following settlement of the steel strike (see NATIONAL AFFAIRS), the stock market jumped six points to 685.47 on the Dow-Jones industrial average, eased back at week's end to 675.73.

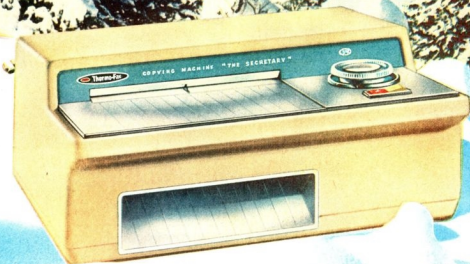
The week's biggest worry was over tight money; interest rates were edging up all along the line. Led by C.I.T., the big finance companies hiked their rates on commercial borrowing; New York banks boosted the rate they charge on broker-dealer stock market loans by $\frac{1}{8}$ to $\frac{5}{8}$ %. The U.S. Treasury, in its weekly rollover of \$2 billion in short-term debt, had to pay a record 5.099% on one 182-day offering. Another dampening effect was the prospect of an increase in the 4% discount rate that the Federal Reserve charges member banks.

CORPORATIONS

Price Fixing at G.E.?

The sharp edge to Chairman Ralph J. Cordiner's voice shocked General Electric brass at the annual management conference in Hot Springs, Va. last week. Certain G.E. officers and general managers, said Cordiner, had shown "flagrant disregard" of G.E. policy—and possibly U.S. antitrust laws—by discussing prices with competitors before they bid on big contracts for Government agencies such as the Tennessee Valley Authority. Equally grave, these men "had categorically denied any such acts" to Cordiner until months after a federal grand jury in Philadelphia began investigating; only then did they confess to him. Some of the executives, announced G.E., "have had their positions substantially downgraded, their level of compensation materially reduced, have been reassigned to positions with no re-

clean



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Production could be sharply increased, Olin Mathieson found, by going to much higher furnace temperatures—up to 1800°F. But furnace conveyor-bearing temperatures also went up, resulting in breakdown of the lubricant. Damage to the drive mechanism resulted.

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Leaders in Industry rely on Shell Industrial Products



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sponsibility for prices"—and forced to resign as officers. Others will be penalized soon. No names were mentioned, but U.S. Justice Department officials said that two G.E. vice presidents were involved.

Cordiner's warning about price fixing might have been voiced a bit sooner. The TVA has long complained about strangely identical bids. Last May it disclosed 24 cases since 1956 of matching bids—sometimes down to a hundredth of a penny—involving 47 U.S. manufacturers. On one transformer contract, for example, General Electric, Allis-Chalmers, and McGraw-Edison's Pennsylvania Transformer Division each submitted bids of \$112,712; Westinghouse won the contract with a bid of \$86,760. This year, competing to supply 33,000 power-line insulators, G.E. and six other companies submitted identical bids; G.E. got about 45% of the order.

So far, the grand jury has heard 75 witnesses from almost every major U.S. heavy-electrical-equipment maker. It will continue investigating for another two months, then report. Said Cordiner: "Some of these associates of ours in G.E. may be found personally liable under criminal indictments which may be returned by the grand jury. Their punishment could be most severe."



CORVAIR COUPÉ



FALCON STATION WAGON

With a spare kit of horsepower.

AUTOS

Compact Expansion

Two new models were added last week to the list of compact cars:

❑ A two-door Corvair coupé with the same 80-h.p. engine as in the four-door, and a factory list price of \$1,810 for the standard model and \$1,870 for the deluxe, \$50 under the four-door price. Optional equipment: a four-speed transmission and power pack, which should add an additional 15 to 20 h.p.

❑ Two- and four-door Falcon station wagons which, with the second seat folded down, will provide almost as much luggage space as the 1957 regular Ford station wagon. Price: about \$300 above the Tudor and Fordor Falcon sedans.

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Thomas A. Edison.



FOUND: the better ways to better living *electrically* shown on these pages. The McGraw-Edison Company, like Edison himself, doesn't hesitate to disregard traditional methods of research and production if the unconventional promises greater success. Here are some products of this "inventive" engineering.

*Edison's motto is a constant guide to the 32 McGraw-Edison divisions and subsidiaries. For a 6" x 9" copper-tinted reproduction, write on your business letterhead to McGraw-Edison, 1200 St. Charles Rd., Elgin, Illinois.

* * *

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FOR INDUSTRY—Alpine, Arctic Circle, Buss, Continental, Thomas A. Edison, Imperial, Lectrodryer, Lectromelt, National Electric Coil, Pennsylvania, Toastmaster and TropicAire-Coldmobile Products; Equipment for Aircraft Fire Detection • Arc Furnace, Power and Pipe Welding Transformers • Fuses • Aircraft and Industrial Instruments • Truck-Trailer Refrigeration • Industrial Batteries • Refrigeration • Atmospheric, Industrial Gas Dryers • Miners' Safety Lamps • Melting Furnaces • Voice-writer Dictating Equipment • Medical and Industrial Gases • Commercial Cooking and Laundry Equipment • Load Center Unit Substations • Bus Air Conditioners • Central Air Conditioning Equipment • Electric Motor Windings

FOR THE HOME—Alpine, Arctic Circle, Buss, Continental, Coolerator, Crestline, Edison, Eskimo, Fostoria, Imperial, Manning-Bowman, Permaline, Powerhouse, Spartan, Speed Queen, Toastmaster, TravelAire, TropicAire and Zero Products; Fans • Toasters • Steam and Dry Irons • Fry Pans • Waffle Bakers • Percolators • Dryers • Household Fuses • Automatic Washers • Hair Clippers • Juvenile Furniture • Air Conditioners • Evaporative Cooling Equipment • Central Air Conditioning Equipment • Electrostatic Air Filters • Fibre Pipe • Space Heaters • Humidifiers • Dehumidifiers • Vibrators • Power Tools



FOUND: a better way to safeguard a ship. If turbine bearings on ships overheat and fail, loss of power could endanger the ship in heavy weather. To



FOUND: a better way to preserve fresh flavor. Keeping cold storage apples tree-fresh was a problem—before the "nitrogen bath." Harmless, high-purity nitrogen from McGraw-Edison's Medical Gas Division is pumped into storage rooms, expelling over 99% of the oxygen so "aging" can't begin.



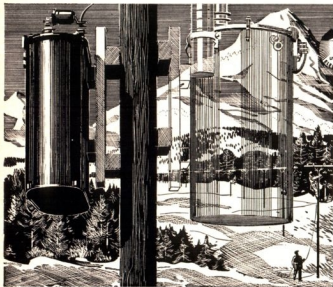
FOUND: a better way to heat in a hurry. Toastmaster Division eliminated a traditional feature of portable electric heaters—and the chilly lag between turning on heat and getting it. New Toastmaster's "Instant Heat" Element has no heat-absorbing core . . . glows the *instant* current flows.

(†Registered Trademark)

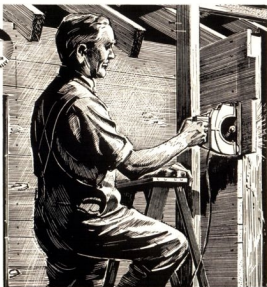


spot such overheating as soon as it starts, McGraw-Edison's Instrument Division has developed the sensitive, rugged "Omniguard" temperature monitor. Un-

like former indicators which only measured heat of oil in the bearings, "Omniguard" instantly reports the temperature of the bearings themselves.



FOUND: a better way to package power. Two advantages were behind Line Material Division's departure from conventional design for its "Obround" transformer. Form-fitting case reduces volume of cooling oil, packs center of gravity closer to pole. Higher rated L-M Transformers can replace existing units with no added expense for new poles.



FOUND: a better way to make work lighter. Weight is often a penalty for steadiness. But Bersted Division has engineered *lightness* into its new power saw while getting greater control. Aluminum housing encloses motor. Safety clutch is *outside* housing for easy use.

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PIPER

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MISCELLANY

Grass Roots Sentiment. In Tampa, Fla., Francisco Alvarez was ordered by a court to get rid of his cow as a public nuisance, even though he produced three character witnesses who offered to testify to the cow's good behavior.

United Party. In Sunnyslope, Ariz., the *Journal* named the town's leading politician, Mrs. Edna McEwen, "Man of the Year."

Shifting Position. In Rochester, N.Y., Clarence A. Smith, 75, retired after 25 years as Monroe County manager, a job he voted against creating 25 years ago because "it gives one man too much power."

Advertising Code. In Burlington, Colo., the *Record* ran a sales ad: "Several thingamabobs that look like, well, you know, those doobiddies that sit on the flingie-dingie. Very special price on these."

Going Straight. In Brisbane, Australia, former driving instructor Harry Webster has opened an all-night service for chauffeuring drunken drivers safely to their homes.

Budget Slash. In Monza, Italy, after leaving his horse tied for half a day without food or water, Pietro Nodari returned to give the beast an affectionate pat, got a bite that put him in the hospital for two weeks.

Name & Rank. In Norwich, Conn., a man who broke into the Veterans of Foreign Wars clubhouse and robbed the cigarette machine signed the guest book: "Burglar."

Ready to Sing. In Bowling Green, Ohio, two students caught breaking into the county courthouse explained: "We thought it was a church."

Cultural Exchange. In Memphis, prison officials at Shelby County Penal Farm grew suspicious of mountains of mail coming to the prison, discovered that some of the inmates were ordering their free bonuses from various book and record clubs and selling them to other prisoners.

Just Desserts. In Toledo, Ben Singer reported to police that someone had stolen his two 20-gallon garbage cans, both loaded.

The Wool Over His Eyes. In Rochester, N.Y., asked by Patrolman Joseph Verso why she was dangling a rope out of her window with a pair of white socks tied to the end of it, a housewife explained: "My husband spends all day in the barroom downstairs, and when I want him to come up, I dangle his socks in front of the barroom window."



A true story

He took a multi-million dollar challenge

Twenty years ago, a big man with a rolling gait strode into The First National Bank of Chicago. He was Steve X., a Texan who made a good start in "black gold"—oil.

He had come here to see our Division I officers, who specialize in lending to the oil industry. These officers knew that Steve X. and his partner had been eminently successful. What they didn't know was that now the two men had decided to dissolve their partnership. This posed a problem to Steve X.: should he liquidate his assets in the partnership, too? Or should he take the challenge of going it alone? He chose to buy his partner's interests and go it alone. To do this, he needed \$1,500,000.

He had standard collateral—money, property, a fine reputation.

But the collateral that impressed us most was his ambition and ability. Because of these, he got the money.

Shortly after buying his partner out, Steve X. had a chance to purchase some newly available oil leases. Again he approached us. And again, we lent him a million-plus. The leases he bought turned out to be one of the richest oil-producing areas in all of East Texas. In ten years, Steve X. reportedly amassed a fortune of several hundred million dollars. The largest share of it was made in oil.

For Steve X., the challenge has paid off. He has vast holdings in oil, real estate, and cattle. And he contributes a great deal of his time and wealth to the betterment of Texas and his fellow Texans.

Today, The First National Bank

of Chicago still proudly maintains its long association with Steve X. We are his only banking connection outside the state of Texas.

True, this story is an exceptional one. However, we think it demonstrates one of the basic advantages of being a customer here. Officers in the 10 Divisions of our Commercial Banking Department offer a particularly knowledgeable service, for each Division serves one group of industries exclusively. These officers constantly study and interpret specific industry trends. As a result, they get a clear view of your particular problems and ambitions.

Whether you are an oilman or a manufacturer, if this is the kind of banking service you want, write, call or come in and see us.



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EDUCATION

Who Gets Shortchanged?

New York City has the nation's biggest school system—and one of the saddest. What "inertia and apathy" portend for the city—and for the whole nation—was summed up last week by the Ford Foundation's President Henry T. Heald, onetime (1952-56) chancellor of New York University, in an angry speech before New York City's United Parents Associations. "What happens in the nation's largest city makes its impact throughout the country. Educational neglect means aggravation of the conditions leading to irresponsibility and lawlessness among our youth, an increasing economic burden for social welfare, the perpetuation of islands of squalor amidst shining centers of commerce and culture. And what is most tragic of all, it means that the potential genius and greatness in some of the youth in New York will go largely undiscovered and undeveloped."

The answer, that poor and immigrant New Yorkers have always managed to rise, is no comfort to Veteran Educator Heald. "Their rise was often promoted by a developing, dedicated, sometimes inspirational school system. How will their counterparts of the 1960s fare?" By all evidence, not well. "An educational revolution is beginning to sweep the U.S.," but New York schools can barely "keep a foothold on the status quo." They are run by a politically appointed board of education, gripped in a "fiscal imprisonment" that plants city hall between the schools and state funds. The whole system is bogged down in a mire of "administrative inefficiency, political manipulation and official timidity." And why should this be? In essence: "The response of many of

the most intelligent people of New York to the school problem has been to flee from it. Rather than stay and help do something about the schools, they resort to private schools or the suburbs."

Yet "a first-rate school system is within the grasp of New York City." The job begins with recovery of the purpose of the schools—education. It begins with "a drastic overhaul" of school administration—complete divorce from the city's politicians. And perhaps most of all, urged Heald, it begins with privileged citizens' remembering that "it is your children who are being shortchanged."

Soviet Boarding School

At its most highfalutin, the goal of Soviet education is "men and women of noble spirit and lofty ideals who will serve their people selflessly." But Russian schools do not inevitably produce bright-eyed "builders of Communist society"—not in a land of war orphans and working mothers. Three years ago Nikita Khrushchev ordered a Pavlovian solution: boarding schools in which "engineers of the soul" could hatch a new elite under ideal laboratory conditions. By last week Russia had more than 500 such new schools, with an enrollment of 360,000 students. "The time is not far off," Khrushchev has gloated, "when all our children will be raised in boarding schools—provided their parents agree."

The hedge is advisable, for most Russian parents need persuasion. Despite the Communist edict that mothers stick to bearing and let the state do the rearing, Russians prefer more ancient practice—and so do their preachers. Khrushchev's own grandchildren are not in boarding schools, nor are those of his Kremlin col-

leagues. Most boarding-school children are enrolled because of special circumstances, e.g., overlarge families. Russians able to support their children do not easily surrender them, and the millions of Russians who still place God above Marx may never do so. By this year's end, Russia will have more than 700,000 boarding students; in five years it expects 2,500,000 such students from age 7 to 17. But day schoolers (now 31 million) probably will long outnumber them and delay Khrushchev's prophecy.

Psychology & Chinese. Nonetheless, boarding schools are Russia's most significant new educational wrinkle. Their graduates will soon be the nation's anointed. This is clear from the life being led by 250 first-to-eighth graders at Moscow's new Boarding School No. 2 in the quiet suburb of Pokrovsko-Streshnevo, one of 46 such schools in the Moscow area. Already No. 2's students (65% boys) are impressive specimens, honed by top-notch teachers, and one "upbringer" (counselor) for every 15 children.

No. 2's students hit the deck every morning at 7 for calisthenics and a day-long schedule that keeps them hopping until lights out at 9 or 9:30 p.m. There is no time for mental slouching. All boarding-school students, for example, major together in one foreign language (first choice: English) from second grade. But No. 2's students have a rockier road to mastery than most: they grapple with Chinese. All studies fill 4½ hours of formal classes and up to two hours of homework, six days a week.

Manners & Mechanics. To round off the embryo elite, there are afternoon lessons in music (all instruments), good manners and ballroom dancing, along with projects in radio, photography and chemistry. Manual training is mandatory, and older children will soon work part time in nearby factories to learn a trade. Each child must also learn to drive a car—and repair it. Every Friday comes "hygiene day," when all must pass personal inspection of clothes and quarters, and each dormitory also has a logbook for daily lapses: "Dust on the window ledge," or "Lint under Kolya's cot."

The students get one day off a week (Sunday), and all must then clear the premises, visit relatives or friends. The reason (to prevent loneliness) illustrates the logic with which shrewd Principal Alexander Andreyevich Petrov runs the place. An able headmaster, Petrov is well paid; he and his teacher wife earn \$500 monthly, a tidy income by Soviet standards. Petrov does not hold with physical punishment ("Rewards work better"). To encourage the emergence of "good qualities," he keeps a box for students to deposit notes (read publicly) describing their classmates' "positive" behavior. His discipline method is a point system in which a whole class is docked for individual transgressions or rewarded for individual triumphs. It is Principal Petrov's pride that his harshest punishment is sending a sinner home in midweek. Only gross in-



RUSSIAN BOARDERS STUDYING HOW TO RUN A RAILROAD
The harshest punishment is going home.

January 4, 1960

1959

Flash Annual Report to Shareowners



CHESAPEAKE AND OHIO RAILWAY

On its way . . . the first business day of '60

Again Chessie starts the New Year by sending to its 90,000 shareowners on the first working day of 1960 the results of the previous year's operations, shown in the highlights below.

Chesapeake and Ohio, on the threshold of its 175th anniversary, ended the year stronger, financially and physically, than at any time in its long history. Working capital rose above \$60 million, highest level ever.

Freight revenues produced an excellent first half-year and held up well despite the steel strike. Revenues from merchandise freight increased \$10 million and non-export coal traffic showed a similar \$10 million increase. C&O progress also was marked by eighty new industrial plants locating along its 5,100-mile system.

With the favorable general business predictions for '60, a year of uninterrupted industrial activity would mean C&O revenues and earnings greater than 1959.



1959 HIGHLIGHTS

For a copy of Chessie's 1959 Flash Annual Report, write
**Chesapeake and Ohio
Railway**
3800 Terminal Tower, Cleveland 1, Ohio

	1959	1958
Dividend Paid per Common Share	\$4.00	\$4.00
Earned per Common Share	5.60	6.36
Operating Revenues	(millions)	
Coal and Coke	\$162	\$177
Merchandise	161	151
Other	25	28
Total Operating Revenues	348	356
Expenses, Taxes, etc. — Net	302	304
NET INCOME	\$46	\$52
Working Capital at Year End	\$61	\$55

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Mr. Arthur C. Hadden is the sales manager for a large manufacturing company. "I wanted to stop smoking but just couldn't," says Mr. Hadden. "Then I heard about Bantron. My wife and I decided to try it together. In less than 2 weeks we had both given up smoking. Today, thanks to Bantron, we are absolutely free of the habit."

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subordination, says he, moves him to involve it.

If his students unanimously enjoy the school, as Petrov claims, it is a year-long pleasure. The school has its own fully stocked farm 20 miles away, where students camp every summer and learn agriculture while doing chores. More parents may find such attractions hard to resist; Petrov says that his waiting list is long. Most attractive of all is the tuition, scaled from \$3 a month for low-income families to \$50 for the wealthiest (average: \$10). Even the top fee, which only four families pay, is well below the \$80 a month that each student costs. For the school supplies not only food, shelter, books, learning and character, but also every stitch of clothing. "Our Soviet government," says Elite Hatcher Petrov proudly, "does not economize on children."

Joy in Giving

Like many another U.S. millionaire, William Black, president of Chock Full O' Nuts Corp., has discovered one of the true pleasures of hard work and good fortune. Last week short, chunky Bill Black gave \$5,000,000 to Columbia University toward an 18-story medical-research building. It was the largest gift from a living person ever received by Columbia. Said Black: "I have found that there is a tremendous joy in giving. It is a very important part of the joy of living."

Brooklyn-born Bill Black had no such joys when he worked his way through Columbia by loading potatoes in a waterfront market. He could barely afford nickel meals of bread pudding. But after graduation (1920), he took to selling nuts in a cubbyhole Times Square shop, soon had 18 stores. When the Depression killed nut sales, Black shrewdly converted the stores to lunch bars, featuring coffee and nutted-cheese sandwiches. Today his 28 New York-area restaurants serve 125,000 customers daily, add up to a \$30 million-a-year business fattened (60%) by sales of Chock Full O' Nuts coffee in 14 states. Black now lives on a New Rochelle estate formerly owned by Millionaire Tommy Manville, and is married to Singer Jean Martin, who once warbled "heavenly coffee" Chock Full O' Nuts TV commercials.

Black is so generous with his 1,000 employees, whose personnel manager is onetime Brooklyn Dodger Jackie Robinson, that he gives them 10% of his profits as a Christmas bonus. But his big-scale generosity began in 1957, when his chief company auditor contracted Parkinson's disease, joining 1,500,000 other U.S. victims. Black promptly launched the Parkinson's Disease Foundation. He has given the foundation \$250,000—just part of the total \$1,000,000 that he had already given to medical causes before his outright gift to Columbia.

Where Black got that much ready cash is partly explained by a comfortable business transaction that he made in 1958. Black converted Chock Full O' Nuts from private ownership to public by selling 400,000 shares of the 720,000 he owned (out of 800,000 outstanding) at \$15 a



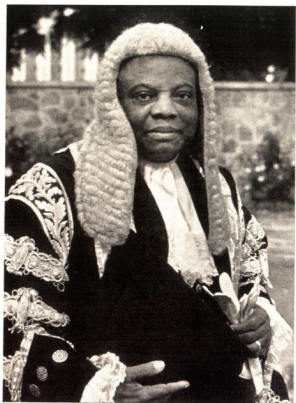
PHILANTHROPIST BLACK
Chock full o' living.

share. After taxes and brokers' fees, he cleared a neat \$3,800,000. He still owns 33.5% of the stock, which was listed last week on the New York Stock Exchange at \$46.50 a share. In his philanthropy, Black shows no less financial hustle. The one string he attached to his Columbia gift is a stipulation that the Parkinson's Disease Foundation get all the interest on the \$5,000,000 until Columbia gets to work on the new medical building. Since delay means a sizable loss to Columbia (at least \$175,000 yearly), the university hopes to start construction immediately. Says Philanthropist Black: "I want to see with my own eyes the results of my good intentions."

Harvard's / Tatti

When famed Art Critic Bernard Berenson (Harvard '87) died last autumn at 94, he left his alma mater one of the world's great altars to art—his own legendary villa, / Tatti,* nestled in the Tuscan hills near Florence. Last week Harvard formally accepted the \$1,000,000 estate, launched plans to fulfill Berenson's dream of making / Tatti a humanistic-studies center for scholars of all nations. Next year Harvard hopes to begin sending up to 20 scholars at a time to the 40-room villa, which Berenson called "a library with living rooms attached," and there let them muse amid the old man's 50,000 books, his Renaissance paintings, fastidious furnishings and vast formal gardens. But carrying out the scheme, which may include endowment of a new Harvard chair, will take another \$2,000,000. At week's end, Harvard planned a quiet solicitation among Critic Berenson's loyal friends, who know most about the style in which he hoped Harvard would carry on.

* Built in 1724 and named after an ancient nearby flour mill called / Tatti. The word has no other meaning.



Major new LIFE series

How fares democracy around the world these days? For a year, LIFE reporters and photographers have been at work on a major new series of essays that pictures the workings of democratic governments in old and new countries—Ghana, Denmark, Colombia, Pakistan, Greece, and others. In this issue LIFE looks at Ghana. You will see how Ghana is striving to fashion a government to cope effectively with the needs and pressures of its people as it leaps into eager nationhood. Americans are crucially involved in preserving democracy, but the truth is that democracy is retreating in some countries, is on trial in others. This new LIFE series will sum up where democracy stands today in a world that lives "in a state of perpetual emergency."

World Crime

International smugglers seem to know what ad researchers spend hundreds of hours to find out: what people want. LIFE shows how smugglers make huge profits from items such as TV tubes, nylon bras, cigarettes, gold, refrigerators.



Auto Crash

A head-on automobile crash in the night. Two mothers are killed, four hospitalized for months, six children motherless. How the people of Mt. Kisco and Bedford Hills, N.Y. rallied to the stricken families is movingly told in LIFE.



OUT TODAY...

in the new issue of

LIFE

SPORT

Block or Bucket?

In an age where computing machines sometimes seem in order to tote up basketball's astronomical scores, California's Coach Pete Newell, 44, is a refreshing eccentric: he stresses defense. The Golden Bears, 1959 N.C.A.A. champions, often score fewer baskets in a night than some other teams rack up in a half. The trick of it is that their opponents score even fewer. In the Los Angeles Classic tournament over the holidays, they held West Virginia's All-America Jerry West to one field goal as they won, 65 to 45. The

condition arm muscles so that the arms can be held up over protracted lengths of time. In boxing, it is fatal to drop your hands; the same is true in basketball." Newell runs practice games at both fast and slow speeds: "We want to use tempo as a weapon, make the other team play the game we can play better than they can. We make them play at a speed they're not used to."

The Moppet. Newell arrived in the coaching profession in a roundabout fashion. Son of a Knights of Columbus official, he is the youngest of eight children ("I was 13 before I knew that there was

Though he teaches calm and control, Newell is far from calm himself. On game days, he keeps going on 20 cups of coffee, three packages of Chesterfields, has a supply of wet towels near him on the bench so that he can chew on them to relieve the tension. Bear players, to whom defense was a mystery before Newell, regard their coach as a genius. Marvels Guard Bobby Wendell: "Before I came here, I didn't even know what defense was. But once you get the hang of it, it's more fun than scoring."

The Mouse That Whispers

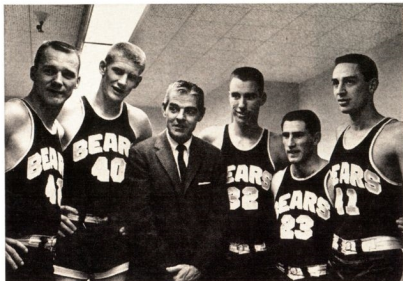
Voices were shrill in the tiny country wedged between Austria and Switzerland. The argument: Would Liechtenstein (pop. 16,000) be represented at the Winter Olympics in California's Squaw Valley next month? No, thundered Chief of Government Alexander Frick, worried lest Liechtenstein's honor be compromised by a last-place finish at the games. "Those who come in last have the real Olympic spirit," countered Baron Edward von Falz-Fein, Chief of Mission for the Liechtenstein Winter Olympic Team. "I wouldn't dream of winning." Added the baron darkly: "There will be a revolution if they don't let me go."

The baron has been taking time-off from his three souvenir shops to run his Olympic candidates out to the ski slopes in his Studebaker. The top candidates for the three-man team are all named Kindle: Silvan Kindle, 23; his third cousin Hermann Kindle, 24; and Gebhard Kindle, 21, no kin. The Kindle *Kinder* train hard. Liechtenstein has no ski lifts; the husky young Olympians must hike up the steep Alpine slopes on foot. All of them work in factories, ski only on weekends. "That's the Olympic idea," says Baron von Falz-Fein. "Do sports for your pleasure. Naturally, I would like to see my boys train longer, but if I took them out of their factories, they'd never get back in again." Liechtensteiner parents are aghast at the idea of their athletic offspring's losing a month's wages sliding around Squaw Valley on a pair of sticks. The only subsidy that the skiers receive is free Ovaltine to balance out their diet.

Falz-Fein is determined to press on, with or without the government's blessing. "I have studied all the Olympic rules," says he, "and if there are any amateurs in America, they will be ours." One problem still vexes him. U.S. promoters, apparently expecting little from Liechtenstein's skiers, have asked that he bring Miss Liechtenstein to the United States to spruce up the scenery. "Where," asks the noble baron, "do we find a pretty girl here? We are a country of peasants. If I held a beauty contest, the Chief of Government would send me straight to prison."

Scoreboard

♣ Australia's Prodigy Ilsa Konrads, 15, clipped 3.2 sec. off the world's record to win the 440-yd. freestyle event in 4:45.4 at the New South Wales swimming championships. Swimmer Konrads' time also eclipsed the record for 400 meters, ran



COACH PETE NEWELL & CALIFORNIA TEAM*
More fun than scoring.

Phil Both

team's top star is cloud-capped (6 ft. 10 in., 210 lbs.) Darrall Imhoff, who averages only 11.8 points per game. Says Imhoff: "Sure, I like making buckets, but I really swell up when I block a shot. If you bat the ball down a guy's throat on his favorite shot, he's going to choke up a little. And he just might not try that shot again."

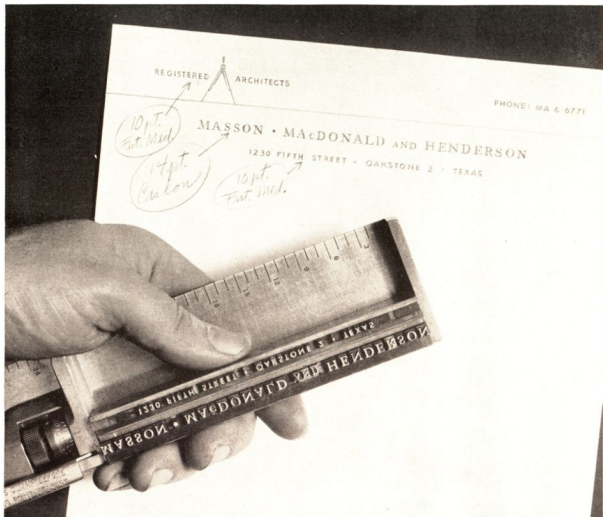
Last week California was smarting under its first defeat in 26 games, suffered at the hands of Southern California (65-57). But by a freak of scheduling, it had a chance to avenge the loss only two days later. In the second game, California scored only three more points than it had in the first game. But exhorted by Newell, its defense held the same Southern California team to 45 points, resulted in a 60-45 victory.

Hands Out. In practice, California's Newell has each player shuffling along the floor with his knees flexed, one hand up, one hand down, for 20 minutes at a time. Says Newell: "The hand should be in the shooter's face to disconcert him; the other arm should be extended almost parallel to the floor to deflect passes. We

anything but a neck to a chicken"). When his family moved to Los Angeles from Vancouver, he was pushed into the movies by his mother, became a moppet movie star, acted with Theda Bara and Pauline White. Newell played in the silents for three years to the delight of neighborhood wise guys, recalls: "I probably had more fights than any other kid in my end of the city." At Loyola University of Los Angeles, Newell was a three-letter man, after graduation spent an indifferent season as an outfielder in the Dodger farm system before turning to high school coaching.

After wartime service in the Navy, Newell was hired to coach the University of San Francisco basketball team. He led the Dons to a National Invitation Tournament championship in 1949, quit in 1950 to go to Michigan State. In four years, Newell built the Spartans, long a door mat in Midwestern basketball, into a steady contender, was finally lured back to California in 1954.

* Bill McClintock, Darrall Imhoff, Newell, Tandy Gillis, Bobby Wendell, Earl Shultz.



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her collection of world freestyle championships to six: 800 meters, 880 yds., 1,500 meters and 1,650 yds.

¶ Declaring themselves disgusted with the "hoodlum influence" in boxing, California's State Athletic Commission pulled out of the National Boxing Association, threatened to set up an independent boxing association of NBA dissidents with authority enough to root out underworld figures.

¶ Statistically the No. 2 passer in the country last season (132 completions in 232 tries), though ignored by All-America selectors, the University of Cincinnati's Quarterback Jack Lee proved what he could do in the eleventh annual Senior Bowl game in Mobile, Ala., completed 13 of 21 throws for 283 yds. and two touch-

downs, was unanimously voted the game's outstanding player as the North belted the South 26-7.

¶ There were 29 football deaths last season, the highest since 1947's total of 30, reported Los Angeles State College's Dr. Floyd Eastwood in his annual survey last week. Of the 18 deaths resulting directly from injury on the fields, sand-lot football, rated the most dangerous, accounted for six. But seven died in high school practice or play, two in the semi-pro leagues, and three in college. Of the eleven deaths indirectly associated with football, four were attributed to heat exhaustion: three high school players and one college player (Charles Lohr of the University of Maryland) died of heat exhaustion after practice in hot weather.

MILESTONES

Divorced. By Blanche Thebom, 40, Metropolitan Opera mezzo-soprano: Richard Metz, 47, Wall Street banker; after nine years of marriage, no children; in Juárez, Mexico.

Died. Richard Murray Simpson, 59, of Huntington, veteran (1937-60) Old Guard Republican Congressman from southern Pennsylvania's 18th district, who as senior Republican on the House Ways & Means Committee fought reciprocal trade with energy and cunning, was so disgruntled with President Eisenhower's free-trade policies and other indications of modern Republicanism that he urged Republican candidates to drop the President's coattails and campaign on their own principles; after brain surgery; in Washington.

Died. Lansing P. Shield, 63, president (from 1947) of Grand Union Co., onetime \$20-a-week clerk for A. & P., who joined Grand Union in 1924, waged such a vigorous campaign to move the company's antiquated stores into the super-market field that he won the top seat, where he boosted sales from \$83 million to more than \$600 million; of a heart attack; in Manhattan.

Died. Dudley Nichols, 64, onetime journalist (New York World) who brought care and skill to 30 years of writing and directing movies (*The Informer*, *Stagecoach*), adapted *Mourning Becomes Electra* for film and, at the insistence of his old friend, Eugene O'Neill, produced and directed it as well; of cancer; in Hollywood.

Died. Omer Carmichael, 66, Alabama cotton farmer's son and onetime backwoods teacher, who as superintendent (since 1945) of the Louisville, Ky. school system told his staff after the Supreme Court's decision against school segregation: "It will be my purpose to implement that decision with no effort to sidestep, no effort by subterfuge or sharp practices to defeat the purpose of the court,"

launched a campaign with such tact and perseverance that Louisville schools, from kindergarten through high school, were completely integrated in 1956 without a touch of violence; of a heart attack; in Louisville.

Died. Ivan Pavlovich Bardin, 76, vice president of the Soviet Academy of Sciences, onetime (1910-11) worker in U.S. steel mills, who directed the construction (1929-32) of the mammoth Kuznetsk steel plant as a key part of the first five-year plan, helped boost Russia's annual steel output from 4,000,000 tons before World War I to its present 60 million, played a large part in the development of Sputnik; in Moscow.

Died. George Edmund Haynes, 79, principal founder of the quietly effective, interracial National Urban League, and a lifelong student of Negro-white relations, who emphasized that in a world where the colored races predominate, the U.S. would do well to give its Negroes equality; in Brooklyn.

Died. Victor Seastrom (Sjoestrom), 80, Swedish actor and director, who crowned a lifetime's devotion to movies of power and art (including a Hollywood stint in the '20s, where he directed *He Who Gets Slapped*, *The Scarlet Letter*) with his winsome portrayal of the memory-haunted old doctor in Ingmar Bergman's *Wild Strawberries*; after long illness; in Stockholm.

Died. Ada Everleigh, 93, regal comadama (with her late sister, Minna) of Chicago's lavish turn-of-the-century bordello, the Everleigh Club, which boasted a bevy of demure girls, string music, perfume-squirting fountains and a 1,000-volume library at a price of \$100 for a "mild evening," was finally closed by severe reformers in 1911, sending the millionaire sisters off to retirement in Manhattan with a golden piano and a few other mementos of the good old glittering days; in Chicago.



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BOOKS

The Children of Day

THE GOOD LIGHT (272 pp.)—Karl Bjarnhof—Knopf (\$4).

In the closing pages of this novel, the nameless hero stands at the entrance of his room, compulsively clicking the light switch on and off. To his dread, he knows the light is working; yet no glimmer cuts the dense black fog before his eyes; he has gone completely blind. Danish Author Karl Bjarnhof, 61, has an unnerving intimacy with this scene and subject, for, at the age of 19, he lost his sight. *The Good Light* continues the fictionalized autobiography Bjarnhof began with his remarkable *The Stars Grow Pale* (TIME, April 28, 1958), taking his hero from boyhood into adolescence. The new book defies the law of sequels by being every whit as good as the first.

The first book was family-centered. Father belonged to the working class but rarely worked; mother pasted paper bags together to earn a living. Narrowly pious and just poor enough for pride, the parents regarded the boy's failing sight as a kind of social stigma, rather like being born out of wedlock. To such a boy the Copenhagen Blind Institute seems a worthwhile escape hatch.

Endless Walkathon. Would-be philanthropic heavens too often become pluperfect hells. Just into his teens, the hero in *The Good Light* still has partial vision, but the first thing that assails him at the Blind Institute is the smell—paint, sour beer, and wet floor mops. The food is stale bread, dry cheese and gruel that the sightless inmates wolf down like animals. When the boy says good morning to his schoolmates, no one turns a head. He has entered a world in which nothing exists until it is touched.

When the boys are not in class, they link arms in twos and threes and shuffle through the yards and corridors in a kind of endless walkathon. Always there are the unseen eyes of the attendants, and only the best of them rattle their keys to let the boys know they are coming. The keepers' special concern: sex, natural and unnatural. In a brilliant set piece that has the spectral, hallucinatory quality of a Poe short story, Author Bjarnhof tells of a boy who made contact with the well-guarded girls' wing of the institute. Like ghosts, he and his Juliet would glide along the sleep-drugged passageways to make their bed of love on a sweaty mat in the institute gym—until the night the light was on, with an attendant watching.

Odd Men Out. The glimmer of sight left to the novel's hero makes him an outsider in the reverse-snob clannishness of the totally blind; yet he cherishes his tentative friendships. There is Little Jens, a cripple lodged in creaky thongs and trusses, who has a gentle faith that all the sightless are under God's special blessing. There is Adolf, who endlessly rubs his eyes so that he can "see" the spray

of flames that constitutes his last childhood memory of the sighted world. Author Bjarnhof sensitively captures the circular, repetitive agony of a blind man's brooding. As he makes poignantly clear, the blind feel like nature's odd men out. As a former inmate says of the sighted: "They've kept us alive, but they don't want to bother with us; we're too troublesome. They don't know what to do with us, but they're scared of God, so they aren't quite let us die." Yet Bjarnhof's blind also know that they must somehow cross the invisible color line back to the world of the seeing, or else



NOVELIST BJARNHOF
The seeing are scared of God.

lapse into the shufflers' parade toward "nothingness."

Nine Strokes. Music is the hero's passport to the country of the sighted. An instructor catches him playing the organ by ear, enrolls him in music classes, and the budding musician makes new friendships with Copenhagen's musicians and painters (Bjarnhof himself has toured as a cellist). When sight finally fails him completely at the telltale light switch, he has the spunk and serenity to bear it. He listens the morning's church chimes to "nine prayer strokes. Three for the night that's past. Three for the day that's coming. Three for mankind, the children of day and light."

Author Bjarnhof writes a sparsely sculptured prose of singular beauty and keeps just the right emotional distance from his theme so that what the reader suffers is never sentimental pathos but the moving burden of bearing the unbearable. The wonder and purgative power of *The Good Light* is that men like Karl Bjarnhof's hero, pushed to the extremity of the human spirit, do not curse God and die, but like Little Jens, bless life and live.

Story of a Bad Boy

CHARLEY IS MY DARLING (343 pp.)—Joyce Cary—Harper (\$3.95).

If novelists write more successfully about bad boys than do sociologists or judges, it is because fiction need not analyze or propose solutions. The late Joyce Cary was no sociologist, no judge; he was a superb storyteller, and his portrait of misbehaving youngsters in this 1940 novel (published in the U.S. for the first time) is both sympathetic and accurate. If it lacks the weight and ironic wisdom of some of his later work (*The Horse's Mouth*, *Herself Surprised*), it nevertheless shows the famous Cary virtues: a clear and economical style, a sharp wit, and a joy in human existence.

Charley Brown is an undersized slum runner who is evacuated from London during World War II and sent with other refugees to a west-country village. At 13 or so, he has a good mind but a lousy head, and when his poll is shaved to free him from vermin, he acquires a cruel nickname. Cary was too sensible to suggest that all the boy's troubles begin when jeering ruffians call him "Lousy." But Charley tries harder than he might have done to win followers—by passing out candy and soda pop, then by stealing a car and leading an expedition to the cinema in a neighboring town.

The police let him off with a tongue-lashing, and the kindly village woman at whose house he is quartered tries hard to help Charley. The boy is good hearted and values her friendship, but it never occurs to him to stay out of trouble. He is not amoral, except from an adult viewpoint. He follows the rules of juvenile society as if they had been relayed to him by Moses, but the only forces he recognizes are the intense pressures of youthful adulation and contempt.

Charley organizes a gang of underaged cat burglars and the children blunder from success to pointless success, stealing trinkets for the excitement of it and giving them away. It is only after Charley is caught that Cary's book makes a descent into sentiment, coming closer to Dickens than to Evelyn Waugh, who also told (in his hilarious *Put Out More Flags*) of brattish evacuees on the loose in the English countryside. But the sentimental flaw is minor, and the book makes its point well: adolescence is a chrysalis whose occupant can be hurt, but not helped much, by the world outside.

The Thirty-Year War

COLLECTED ESSAYS (578 pp.)—Allen Tate—Swallow (\$6).

In presenting his credentials as an essayist, Poet-Critic Allen Tate, 60, makes a mock show of inadequacy. He laments his failure to do research, bewails his faulty memory, confesses that, although he has been writing it for 30 years, he can neither define literary criticism nor guess its aims. Yet Tate confidently jabs his critical stiletto into a wide range of men



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and institutions, from Transcendentalist Ralph Waldo Emerson ("the light-bearer who could see nothing but light, and was fearfully blind") to criticism itself (it "is in at least one respect like a mule: it cannot reproduce itself, though, like a mule, it is capable of trying").

Thought v. Being. Many of the 42 essays are intelligent, imaginative analyses of such literary greats as Emily Dickinson, Poe, T. S. Eliot, Dostoevsky and John Donne. But Tate's concern is with life as well as literature, and his theme is the "deep illness of the modern mind." The villain, says Tate, was French Philosopher René Descartes, whose triumphant discovery of at least one ultimate certainty ("I think, therefore I am") is responsible for dividing man against himself by isolating thought from total being. Today's battle is waged "between the dehumanized society of secularism, which imitates Descartes' mechanical nature, and the eternal society of the communion of the human spirit."

In Tate's world, a politician who uses immoral methods unconsciously acts on the assumption that society is a machine. So do bankers, butchers and bartenders—everyone who exhibits the "secularism of the swarm" and pursues purely materialist goals. This drift away from a moral center can be clearly seen in the totalitarian states, and is spreading through the free world, where "so much of democratic social theory reaches us in the language of 'drive,' 'stimulus' and 'response.'" For these words Tate would substitute, respectively, "end," "choice" and "discrimination," for "it is by means of discrimination, through choice, towards an end, that the general intelligence acts."

Communication v. Communion. In Tate's view, the man of letters is as much alienated from the moral center as the man of action. There is no lack of communication between men: voices sound and re-sound over wire and air. But "communication that is not also communion is incomplete." To communicate fully, man must add "the rule of love to the rule of law." And, a man "loves his neighbor, as well as the man he has never seen, only through the love of God." A society which once has been religious, says Tate with evangelical fervor, cannot, "without risk of spiritual death, preceded by the usual agonies, secularize itself."

Kentucky-born Author Tate, a convert to Roman Catholicism, has long been associated with a group of Southern "agrarians"—Robert Penn Warren, Cleanth Brooks, Andrew Lytle—who have persistently preached a flight from the machine age to the rural virtue of the soil. Tate's own 30-year war against the corrosion of civilization by the machine has been fought in the pages of literary quarterlies which, he observes wryly, serve the purpose "of acquainting unpopular writers with one another's writing." They are, specifically, the trade journals of literature, just as *Iron Age* and *Steel* are the trade journals of the metalworking industries. Where *Steel* ponders the notch sensitivity of beryllium or discusses the



Peter Marcuse

CRITIC TATE
What the mind needs.

control of stress corrosion cracking by shot peening, the literary mandarins in the *Kenyon Review* proclaim the "production of positivism" that "reduces the aesthetic sign to a denotatum."

The vocabularies in all trade journals sound abstruse and incomprehensible to laymen. Essayist Tate thinks it unfortunate that most intelligent laymen today seem to believe that "the high places of literature" are beyond their mental reach. For readers who would like to begin scaling the literary heights, Tate's own *Collected Essays* makes an attractive and not too formidable base camp.

Bestseller Revisited

THE JOY OF MUSIC (303 pp.)—Leonard Bernstein—Simon & Schuster (\$5.95).

On television several years ago, twelve musicians in dinner jackets solemnly walked across the first page (enlarged) of the score of Beethoven's *Fifth Symphony* and began tooting the opening bars of the music they were standing on. The stunt was conceived and conducted by Leonard Bernstein, music's most gifted showman. The proceedings of that TV program and of several others are collected in a bestselling book in which Conductor Bernstein proves himself as handy a man with a pen as he is with a baton.

In writing his scripts, Bernstein explains, he tried to avoid the tortuous absurdities of practitioners of the "Music Appreciation Racket" who tangle themselves and their readers in niggling explanations of "the-theme-upside-down-in-the-second-oboe." The result is a book that is fresh, witty and informative. Bernstein meanders through discussions of the conductor's art, the dubbing of movie scores, the grandeur of grand opera, the Americanness of American musical comedy, the prejudice against modern music, and half a dozen other topics—all tending to dis-

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prove Bernstein's own thesis that "the only way one can really say anything about music is to write music." To Bernstein, the flute included by Beethoven in an early version of the *Fifth Symphony's* opening is like "a delicate lady at a club smoker"; *The Black Crook*, an early music comedy, is held together with "spit and chewing gum"; tonality is analogous to a baseball diamond (with home plate as the tonic note); the opening of the third act of *La Bohème* is a series of "cold, empty fifths, raining like snowflakes over the stage."

To illustrate what is meant by recitative, Bernstein provides a snatch of opera in the style of Mozart: "Susanna, I have something terrible to tell you I've just been talking to the butcher/And he tells me/That the price of chicken has gone up three cents a pound!" For Italian-opera lovers he repeats the sequence in Verdian style ("*Gilda! Il prezzo di pollo*"), and for unabashed German romantics a snatch of Wagner ("*Ach, was ward mir heut' angetan?*").

The Joy of Music has nothing new to say, but it says the familiar with zest and wit. Only a Leonard Bernstein, for instance, would ever undertake to explain jazz by writing a *Macbeth Blues*:

*I will not be afraid of death or bone
I said I will not be afraid of death or bone*

Till Birnam forest come to Dunsinane.

Adults Are Barfy

WHERE THE BOYS ARE (239 pp.)—
Glendon Swarthout—Random House
(\$3.50).

Short of doubled tuition fees, nothing could cause more hooraw among parents of college youth than Author Swarthout's new novel. The book is a comical and exuberantly exaggerated investigation of a subject most parents prefer not to think about: what the children are up to. The specific occasion of misbehavior that has caught Swarthout's attention is a phenomenon as awesome and baffling as the return of the swallows to Capistrano—the swarming of the chug-a-lugs to Fort Lauderdale. Each year during spring vacation, some 20,000 lager-fueled collegians take over the Florida beach town. Few adults knew why they picked Fort Lauderdale until last year, when a TIME reporter asked a coed and got the answer (TIME, April 13) that Swarthout uses for his title: "This is where the boys are."

On the Beach. The boys in the novel are stacked three deep around Swarthout's narrator, a girl named Merrit who is stacked almost that deep herself. She is a freshman from an unidentified state university, where she blunts her 134 IQ on such courses as Core (for "core curriculum") Lang, Core Sci, Core Liv, Basic Bowling, and Advanced Theory and Operation of Appliances. This experience has merely deepened her conviction, shared by the rest of the book's collegians and apparently by 41-year-old Author Swarthout himself, that the adult



NOVELIST SWARTHOUT
What the children are up to.

world is barfy. (Barf is what one does when one gets bulbed on too much beer).

Merrit's prose style runs to campus slang reinforced by girlish underlining. She is frank (also Tom, Dick and Harry) about sex. "If parents think their daughters can attain young womanhood in 1958 in a state of pristinity," she writes, "they are really out to lunch. U.S.A. today stands for Universally Stimulated America." Musing on the beach, she decides that the horizon proves the world really is flat, and burbles, "Gads, think what we could do with edges! Line up the generals and admirals from everywhere and forward march. Inform our congressmen . . . that they are going to be in a parade . . . With no strain we could drop into infinity Greek shipping tycoons . . . Texas oilmen, presidents of state universities . . . football coaches . . . Bing Crosby's boys . . ."

Car-borne Amours. Merrit mocks everything, including beady-eyed readers who think (correctly) that the book's action will be as hot and horizontal as the Fort Lauderdale sand; she includes page references to all the steamy passages. Before vacation is over, Merrit practices Core Liv with a high-souled bass fiddler, a hotshot from Michigan State who is majoring in something called "Communications," and a lad from Brown who, if he were one degree more Ivy, would have buttoned-down ears. Events, including an abortive expedition to aid Castro, soon pass credibility at about 105 miles an hour. But most readers, depending on their ages, will be either too numbed or too amused to protest much.

Novelist Swarthout (*They Came to Cordura*) carries off his joke adroitly, but once or twice his middle age shows, notably when he writes about car-borne amours. Back seats have not been necessary for automotive sinning since gear-shifts were moved to steering columns.



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TIME LISTINGS

BOOKS

CINEMA

Black Orpheus (French). Marcel Camus' modern version of the Orpheus legend, set in Brazil, is one of the most impressive cans of film so far cast up on U.S. shores by the so-called New Wave of French film directors.

The 400 Blows (French). In another excellent New Wave film, the story of a runaway delinquent boy is turned into a broad indictment of the audience itself and society at large.

Ben-Hur. Hollywood's most colossal film deserves most of the stupendous adjectives that M-G-M has lavished upon it.

Third Man on the Mountain. Beautifully photographed in Switzerland, James Ramsey Ullman's *Banner in the Sky* has become a sort of alpine *Huckleberry Finn*.

They Came to Cordura. A Gary Cooper shoot-'em-up with depth, exploring the nature of courage—physical and spiritual. With Rita Hayworth.

Pillow Talk. Rock Hudson, as a song-writing satyr, amusingly shares a party line with Doris Day, an overdecorated interior decorator.

The Magician (Swedish). Writer-Director Ingmar Bergman pleases the eye and agitates the mind with a production often as eerie as a Kafka nightmare.

North by Northwest. Superb Hitchcock-and-bullets, with an enduringly spottish Cary Grant and a refreshingly unzipped Eva Marie Saint, involving foreign agents who are brash enough to think they can fill Grant's tomb.

TELEVISION

Wed., Jan. 13

The Bob Hope Buick Show (NBC, 9-10 p.m.).* Hope took Jayne Mansfield to Alaska as a holiday present for U.S. troops, filmed his show there.

Thurs., Jan. 14

The Ford Show (NBC, 9-10:30 p.m.). Tennessee Ernie and his friends sing excerpts from Gilbert and Sullivan's *H.M.S. Pinafore*. Color.

CBS Reports (CBS, 9:30-11 p.m.). In a repeat broadcast, Howard K. Smith talks to India's Prime Minister Nehru, also religious leaders of India and the U.S., about "The Population Explosion."

Fri., Jan. 15

The Bell Telephone Hour (NBC, 8:30-9:30 p.m.). José and Amparo Iturbi, Shelia and Gordon MacRae, Les Paul and Mary Ford, Dorothy Collins and Raymond Scott, Marge and Gower Champion in a program of music and dance. Color.

National Finals Rodeo (CBS, 9-10 p.m.). Saddle bronc, bareback bronc and Brahman bull riding, in the National Finals Rodeo at Dallas.

Cavalade of Sports (ABC, 10-11 p.m.). The final hour of the All-Star Match Game Bowling Tournament, originally entered by 11,500 U.S. bowlers, striking for \$60,000 in prize money.

Sat., Jan. 16

John Gunther's High Road (ABC, 8-9:30 p.m.). The author of *Inside Russia*

Today turns his TV eye to Siberia, shows on film the operation of the trans-Siberian railway, the diamond mines at Yakutia, the emerging wealth and power of the region east of the Urals.

The Art Carney Show (NBC, 9:30-10:30 p.m.). In a one-man drama, Carney demonstrates the deterioration of an alcoholic. Color.

Sun., Jan. 17

Johns Hopkins File 7 (ABC, 12-12:30 p.m.). Guest Commentator Robert Neathery, of Philadelphia's Franklin Institute, focuses on Mars in the third part of a series called *New Worlds Waiting*.

Conquest (CBS, 5-5:30 p.m.). "Can Man Live Forever?" is the hopeful title of a show that visits gerontologists at Baltimore City Hospital.

The Twentieth Century (CBS, 6:30-7 p.m.). "Dirigible" tells the story of ships lighter than air, from early balloons to the 1937 Hindenburg tragedy, and on to their use by the U.S. Navy today.

Maverick (ABC, 7:30-8:30 p.m.). An episode called *Maverick and Juliet* (presumably by William Shakesaddle) concerns the feuding Carterets and Montgomeries, and their respective children Julie and Sonny, who want to get hitched.

Sunday Showcase (NBC, 9-10 p.m.). An original drama tells the story of a political idealist who comes to power and is turned into a machine boss. Color.

DuPont Show of the Month (CBS, 9:30-11 p.m.). Farley Granger in an adaptation of Sinclair Lewis' *Arrowsmith*.

Mon., Jan. 18

The Goodyear Theater (NBC, 9:30-10 p.m.). In *Birthing*, an American raised in Czechoslovakia (Eli Wallach) has 90 days to prove his identity. Failure means deportation.

THEATER

On Broadway

Five Finger Exercise. With expert restraint, British playwright Peter Shaffer lays out the battle lines of a marital war between a man of rough sensibility (Roland Culver) and his culture-fey wife (Jessica Tandy), with their son and a German tutor caught in no man's land.

Fiorello! Actor Tom Bosley makes the most of his Little Flower pot in a musical that overwhelms its faults with reminiscence and satire.

The Miracle Worker. Anne Bancroft and Patty Duke unsentimentally re-create the story of young Helen Keller and Nurse Annie Sullivan, in an uneven but theatrically stirring play by William (Two for the Seesaw) Gibson.

The Tenth Man. If Paddy Chayefsky's play is weak philosophically, it is nonetheless an authentic theater piece about mental illness treated by ancient methods in a Mineola, L.I. synagogue.

Heartbreak House. George Bernard Shaw's prolix but twinkling comedy about England on the unquiet eve of World War I. With Maurice Evans, Diana Wynyard, Carmen Mathews.

Take Me Along. The musical version of Eugene O'Neill's *Ah, Wilderness!* is a nostalgically pleasant experience. Walter Pidgeon, Jackie Gleason, Eileen Herlie and Robert Morse.

Best Reading

Friday's Footprint, by Nadine Gordimer. A skilled author writes stories of whitest Africa, and of outwardly jolly characters within whom soundless voices cry for help.

Strike for a Kingdom, by Menna Gallie. Welsh coal miners strike, and so does a murderer in this sorrow-laced, comic novel by a woman who writes well of men.

Billy Liar, by Keith Waterhouse. The highly comic tale of a Yorkshire mortician's clerk who, Dick Whittington fashion, dreams of London but misplaces his cat and never gets there.

Diplomat, by Charles W. Thayer. The author draws on his 20 years as a U.S. career diplomat to write an informative and entertaining handbook of his profession's hazards and trade secrets.

Flower Shadows Behind the Curtain, translated by Vladimir Kean and Franz Kuhn. To judge from this ancient, improper tale, sexual hanky-panky was much the same in 12th century China as it was in Boccaccio's 14th century Italy.

The Papers of Benjamin Franklin, Vol. I, edited by Leonard W. Labaree. Philadelphia's journalist-gadgetsman-diplomat appears far livelier than his own homilies in this well-prepared collection that extends through his 28th year.

The World of James McNeill Whistler, by Horace Gregory. This well-done biography points out that for all his reputation as a drawing-room dandy, Whistler was an artist of great skill and integrity.

The Wisdom of the West, by Bertrand Russell. In 320 heavily but deftly loaded pages, the author has found room not only for a history of Western philosophy, but for an extraordinary helping of Russell.

The Liberation of the Philippines, by Samuel Eliot Morison. Not even breathing hard, the author reaches the 13th volume of his excellent U.S. naval history of World War II.

The Longest Day, by Cornelius Ryan. The newest D-"day" book provides a fascinating look at the invasion of Normandy.

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. *Hawaii*, Michener (1)*
2. *Advise and Consent*, Drury (2)
3. *Poor No More*, Ruark (4)
4. *Dear and Glorious Physician*, Caldwell (6)
5. *The Darkness and the Dawn*, Costain (3)
6. *Exodus*, Jiris (7)
7. *The Ugly American*, Lederer and Burdick (9)
8. *A Fever in the Blood*, Pearson
9. *The Devil's Advocate*, West (8)
10. *The War Lover*, Hersey (5)

NONFICTION

1. *Act One*, Hart (1)
2. *Folk Medicine*, Jarvis (2)
3. *The Status Seekers*, Packard (6)
4. *The Armada*, Mattingly (5)
5. *The Longest Day*, Ryan (4)
6. *The Joy of Music*, Bernstein (7)
7. *This Is My God*, Wouk (3)
8. *The Stolen Years*, Touthy (8)
9. *The Elements of Style*, Strunk and White
10. *For 2¢ Plain*, Golden (9)

* Position on last week's list.

* All times E.S.T.



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